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LOST IN THE FOG.

By M. C. S.

THREE miles to the eastward of the pretty sea-shore town of Newport, on a high bank sloping toward the beach, stood a large old farm-house, which could be seen for miles around.

When the south-east wind blew, and great waves dashed on the rocks, the old house trembled, for it stood bare and unprotected; but its good timbers had stoutly withstood many a storm which had driven great ships to seek shelter under the high cliffs rising to the north-east of it. If you had visited Newport at the time of which I am writing, and, by chance, had driven along the beaches to the quiet country, you might have seen the house of which I have told you, and perhaps, in passing the gate, you would have noticed three brown faces peeping out at you—the faces of three little girls,—Louisa, Helena, and Mary,—who lived in the solitary house all through the bright summer and through the stormy winter. They had no playmates besides one another, but they were always happy, always busy, and I shall tell you something about what they did.

First, they slept in a pretty nursery, papered with bright pictures, and with windows which looked to the eastward, far away over the broad ocean, and in the early morning, when the sun came up out of the sea, it shone directly across their beds.

Then the six brown eyes unclosed, and the little girls made their plans for the day. They must water their flowers, and the seeds they had lately planted; they must feed their cat and dog; and, when Mamma should be ready, they must take her up through the fields, to look at the last bird's-nest they had discovered. In the afternoon they must go to the beach, and look for shells, and see if the waves had tossed up anything new, for they had

learned a great deal about the creatures that live in the water as well as about those that live upon the land.

They turned up the stones under which the black ants had made their nests, and were half-sorry when they saw the frightened mothers hurrying to catch up the baby-ants, to hide them in safer places. They watched the skillful spiders weave their webs, and knew where the crickets hid in winter, and the first spring-flower that peeped above the ground they found and carried home as a treasure.

They once had a funny adventure, of which I am going to tell you; but first I must describe something which is quite peculiar to the island on which Newport stands.

Often, on bright days, when not a cloud is to be seen overhead, you suddenly hear, in the distance, a low, moaning sound.

"What is that?" you exclaim.

"It is the fog-horn on a distant light-house," an islander will explain to you. "Look! off there is a fog-bank, and it is rolling toward us;" and south-eastward, on the horizon, you see a low, dark cloud. Presently a slight chill creeps over you, and the air feels moist. A moment more, and the ships near shore can not be seen, and finally the walls and buildings are lost to view; you are enveloped in a thick cloud, and, bewildered, look about for the path by which you came.

Well, it was on a bright afternoon that Louisa (the eldest of the children) proposed to her sisters to go in search of wild strawberries. Mamma consented, and off they started, each with a basket on her arm.

They climbed one wall after another, feeling quite safe and happy.

The berries were abundant, and when they had filled their baskets they made a nest in the long grass, and had a grand feast. The little sparrows hopped about them, and the swallows played above their heads, and they laughed, and talked, and rolled in the sweet clover, and thought of nothing beyond the happy moment.

But while they frolicked in their nest, a great change had come over everything outside. The distant islands had disappeared, the white sails which, a moment before, had glanced in the sunshine, were gone, and just as Mary, the youngest little girl, declared she was tired and wanted to go home, their house itself was lost in the great cloud which had closed around them.

"Never mind," said Louisa, confidently, as she gathered up the baskets and took Mary's hand, "I know the way;" but as she looked about for the stile over which they had climbed, and could not find it, her face became very sober.

In a few moments, however, they found a wall, but beyond there was nothing to be seen besides the green grass.

"Keep straight on," said Louisa, as the children hurried after her, quite sure that all was right; but, a few moments after, they all stood still, for before them, across what they supposed to be their path homeward, ran a brook, dashing merrily over the stones.

"Where are we?" said Helena, and little Mary began to cry. "I'm tired, Louisa; I want to sit down."

Louisa's heart beat very fast, and the tears would find their way to her eyes, but she forced them back as she remembered what her mamma had often said to her about taking care of her younger sisters, and said, quite cheerfully:

"We have lost our way, but don't be afraid, Helena, for you know in a little while the fog will blow over. I think the best thing we can do is to sit down quietly and wait, for if we keep on, we may go farther from home. See, here is a big haystack; we will make a hole in the side of it, and all go in and wait till the sun shines again."

"Yes," said Helena, "and we will make a bed with the hay for Mamie, and if she wants to, she can go to sleep."

So Helena and Mamie grew quite merry again, as they fashioned their house, but Louisa sat at some distance from them, watching and listening intently for the least sight or sound which might serve as a guide to her, for she knew that it must be near the setting of the sun, and that in a little while they would be surrounded, not only with clouds but with darkness.

She heard in the distance the lowing of cattle as they were driven homeward for the evening milk-

ing, and she just caught the faint sound of a bell in Newport. She thought of her comfortable bed at home, and of her supper waiting, and of her poor, anxious mamma; and, at last, the tears began to roll down her cheeks.

"This will not do," she said to herself, and she went and sat closer to Helena.

Mamie had fallen asleep and Helena, tired of play, was lying down beside her. "Why, Louisa," she exclaimed, "you've been crying! Oh, dear! oh, dear! It is growing dark, and we shall have to stay here all night."

"Hark," said Louisa—"I hear footsteps;" and they clung closely together as the sound came nearer and nearer.

"Perhaps it is the man who owns the hay," whispered Helena, remembering how she had scattered it about.

"Or Mamma come to find us," said Louisa, and she called loudly, "Mamma! Mamma!" But there was no voice in reply; only, the footsteps were coming nearer.

Presently they heard something pulling the hay, then a breathing close by them, and in another moment a pair of big, round eyes stared wonderingly into their hiding-place.

"It is old Kate, our cow!" said Louisa, jumping up with such a shout that Kate started off at a gallop, and then stood still, and took another look at the children.

"Come, come; we will follow her, Helena, for she is sure to go home to be milked."

"But what shall we do with Mamie?" said Helena. "We must try to wake her."

Mamie, however, had settled herself for her night's sleep, and though, when the children called her, she half opened her eyes, they instantly closed again, and her chubby face settled back, quite contentedly, on its rough pillow.

There was nothing to do but to carry her, so Louisa, summoning all her strength, lifted the heavy child, and, with Helena's help, managed to follow the footsteps of the cow, who went leisurely on her way, stopping every few moments to nibble the bunches of white clover. She followed the brook for a little way, and then suddenly turned off from it, and led the children along a narrow foot-path through the long grass. They came to an opening in the wall and passed through it.

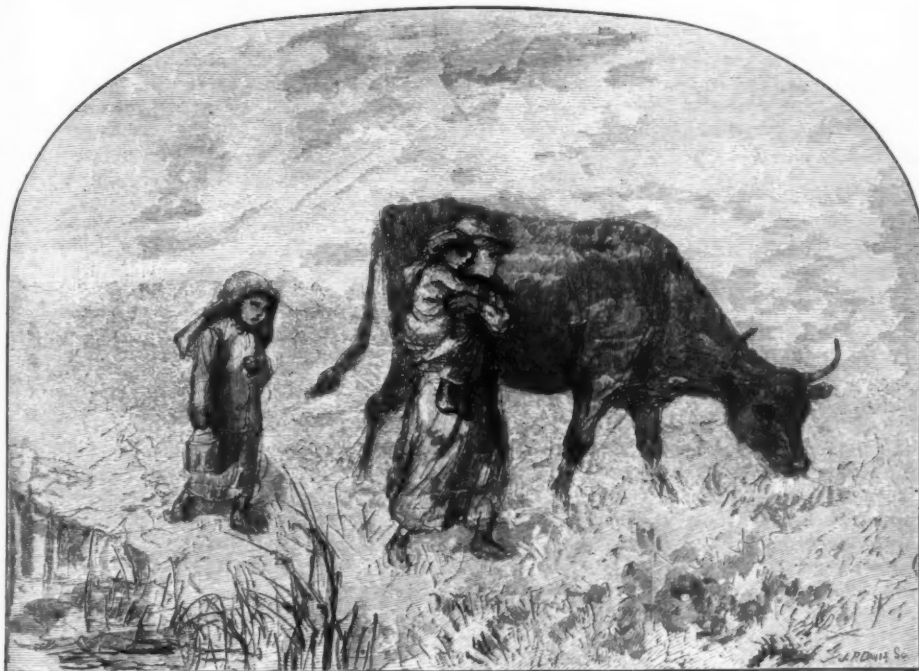
Now they could hear the boom of the waves upon the beach, and their faces brightened, for they knew by this that the cow must be leading them in the right way. Whenever she stopped to eat, they laid their heavy burden on the grass and rested; they became at last very hungry and tired, for the sun had long ago gone down behind the hill, and it was near their bed-time.

"If we only had a pail, we could milk the cow," said Helena, thinking of her supper.

It was almost dark, and they had begun to think that Kate, after all, did not mean to go home, when she suddenly brought them into the broad road which led directly past their father's house, and there before them stood the house itself, looking, Louisa said, like a fairy palace, with a light in every window. They shouted for joy, and Mamie awakened, and let them stand her on her feet.

But when they had eaten their supper, and no one had returned, they found they were too sleepy and tired for any play, so they decided to undress and hide under the bed-clothes; and an hour after, when their mamma came home, anxious and distressed, behold! on their pillow she found three little brown heads, all safe and fast asleep.

In the morning everybody gathered about the children to hear their story, and old Kate was



"THE COW LED THE CHILDREN ALONG THROUGH THE GRASS."

"Run, Mamie dear!" they cried. "Mamma does not know where we are," and seizing her by the hands, they hurried on, driving the cow before them.

When they reached the house, it appeared quite forsaken. The front door stood wide open, the supper was lying untouched on the table—the parlor, the bedrooms, even the kitchen, were all empty. Everybody, even to the cook, had gone out to search in the fog for the lost children.

They laughed with delight at the surprise they would give Mamma when she should come home.

"We will hide in the closet," said Helena, "and suddenly pop out, when they all come back."

petted and caressed as she had never been before.

"But tell me," said their papa, "which way you went, and what you saw on your way home."

And when the children told him about the brook, he explained to them that, instead of coming southward as they should have done, they had gone westward. And he gave Louisa a pretty little instrument called a compass, and explained to her how the needle inside pointed always to the north, so that another time, when going for a walk, she could tie this around her neck, and it would tell her which way to go. And Louisa thought that would be a much better guide than a cow who wanted to stop and eat clover every few moments.

THE SMALLEST BIRD IN THE WORLD.

BY ALICE MAY.

IN a favorite niche in my room, adorned with my choicest specimens of ferns and plummy grasses, hangs, suspended from two slight twigs of bamboo, a tiny, daintily fashioned bird's-nest.

Around this small nest cluster many and grateful memories of the fairy-like owner, a vervain humming-bird, smallest of all known birds, and the most charming and best loved pet I ever possessed.

Many a weary hour, during the almost intolerable heat of midday in Jamaica, has been charmed away by the joyous, exuberant life and wild, merry ways of my little feathered pet.

The day I obtained possession of this bit of bird-kind, I well remember as being warmer and more unbearable than usual. I had been all the morning lying in my hammock, with jealousies tightly drawn to exclude the blinding rays of the sun outside, vainly trying to find relief in a vigorous fanning by my colored maid, Justina, and in cooling drinks of iced lime-juice, when my attention was drawn to the sound of a dispute on the piazza outside, and some languid curiosity was excited by the oft-repeated words:

"Me hab litty bird for white missy," in an unmistakable negro voice, but one unknown to me.

Although, during the midday in Jamaica, neither business nor pleasure was often allowed to interfere with the important task of keeping cool, I had enough energy left to demand that the owner of the voice be admitted.

In shuffled a genuine "blackie boy," ducking his head at every step, showing the whitest of teeth, and carrying something carefully covered in a tattered rag that I supposed was intended for a hat.

"Litty bird fly berry fast; missy hab to peek at he," began the owner of this head-covering, as he drew near to my hammock.

Now, that hat was certainly an objectionable article to "peek" into, but "peek" I did, and was

rewarded by seeing what seemed to be the remains of a dirty gauze net.

I drew back and eyed the boy with stern indignation, but the confident, upraised face, with its grin of expectancy, induced me to venture one more "peek." And this time I was more successful, for, wrapped in the folds of gauze, I espied so tiny a ball of ruffled feathers that I could not believe it was an entire bird. But upon carefully extricating this small mass of green and black plumage, I discovered it to be the tiniest bird I ever saw in my life, but now limp and lifeless.

"Why, my boy!" exclaimed I, "this poor bird is dead. What can I do with it?"

The boy's face fell, and the grin faded.

"Hi, missy; me tink you buy that litty bird. Him alibe when dis nigga put him in dat hat."

During this conversation I had been holding the small bird in my warm palm, and now, much to my surprise, I felt a slight quiver in the little frame.

I held the tiny creature to my lips and gently breathed upon it, and soon a feeble fluttering of the wings, and a faint "cree, cree," assured me that the wee thing still had a little life in it.

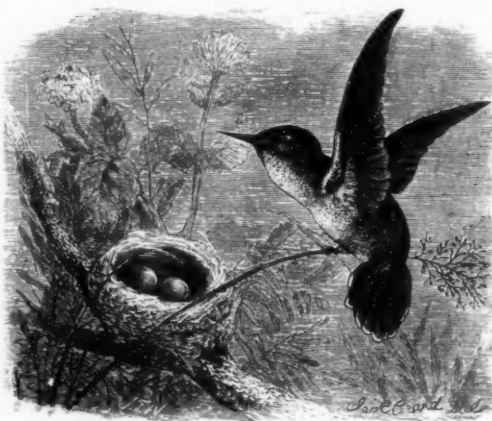
"Warra!" cried my black boy, "him alibe now, for sho. White missy put the bref in him."

I hurriedly dispatched Justina for sweetened water, for my birdie was rapidly regaining strength, and I was anxious to re-assure the timid, fluttering heart.

The sweetened water forthcoming, I put a few drops between my lips and carefully pressed the little beak against them, and after a slight struggle I felt it sip, feebly at

first, then eagerly, at the sweet drops. Soon after, my prisoner was struggling to escape.

From that moment my heart was won, and it was with real joy that I saw my bird dart suddenly from my hand, and, alighting on the edge of a

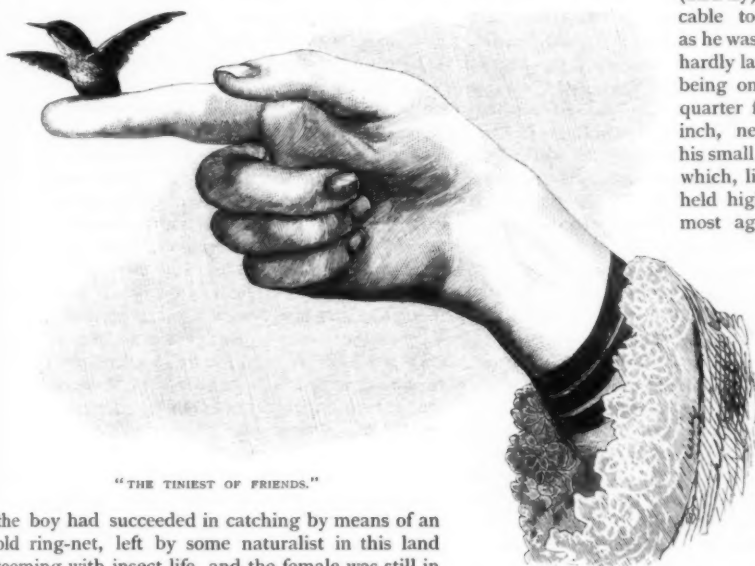


VERVAIN HUMMING-BIRD AND NEST.—ACTUAL SIZE.

picture-frame, commence a vigorous preening of his disordered plumage.

"Will missy hab oder litty birdie on de nest?" inquired the boy.

I then learned that this bird was the male, which



"THE TINIEST OF FRIENDS."

the boy had succeeded in catching by means of an old ring-net, left by some naturalist in this land teeming with insect life, and the female was still in the nest, on an old plantation bearing the queer name of "Bozzetty Hall," situated near the remarkable river of "One-stick-over-the-one-eye." The boy's own settlement of shanties was called "Harmony Pens," while he himself rejoiced in the appropriate name of "Snow-ball."

I gladly consented to take the other bird and nest, if he could obtain them, and giving the desired "mac,"* with an added "Joe,"† sent him on his way rejoicing.

My whole mind was now given to the taming of my pet, which I knew was a vervain humming-bird, a native of Jamaica, and the smallest of even his tiny race. The name "vervain" probably originated from these birds being so often found hovering over the blue blossoms of the West Indian vervain, a plant common in all the fields and pastures of Jamaica.

The rather commonplace English name of humming-bird is quite misapplied in the case of the vervain, as the name comes from the humming sound made by the wings in the rapid flight. But with the vervain, this sound, from its diminutive size, and wonderful velocity, is more like the sharp whirr-r-r of insect wings. Indeed, from a distance, darting from flower to flower, the tiny creature

looks very like a humble-bee. Some of the natives of Jamaica apply extremely fanciful names to these aerial gems, our humming-birds, such as "Tresses of the day-star," "Rays of the sun," "Murmuring birds." The French name, "*Oiseau-mouche*"

(bird-fly), is quite applicable to my fairy bird, as he was literally fly-sized, hardly larger than a locust, being only an inch and a quarter from his quarter-inch, needle-like beak to his small ten-feathered tail, which, like the beak, was held high in the air in the most aggressive way you

can imagine.

His head was the size of a pea, and the bright, bead-like eyes were capable of seeing objects almost invisible to us, for I could see him snap his little bill and swallow as with real zest some flying insect not visible to my unaided eyes.

His legs, hardly longer than a good-sized mosquito's, were wonderfully strong, the funny little claws clinging so closely to a string or twig that one feared to use the force necessary to disengage them. This humming-bird is not as brilliantly colored as some others, but his plumage shines with a metallic luster that, in the sunlight, is dazzling, particularly after preening every feather, as he is very fond of doing, being an extremely vain little fellow.

But I must tell you how I succeeded in making this strange wild creature contented and happy with his new mistress and prison-house.

My first thought was of a cage, for soon the jealousies must be raised to admit the cool evening breeze, and my windows, with most others in this tropical climate, were without glass, depending upon drawn jealousies, a kind of lattice blind, with the piazza extending entirely around the house, and also protected by jealousies, for keeping out the wind and rain when these were too boisterous.

I well knew that, at the first opportunity, those rapidly moving wings would bear their little owner out into the free air he loved so well. A cage must be made at once, and my ingenuity was taxed to

* "*Macaroni*," a Creole shilling.

† Sixpence.

provide one dainty enough for so exquisite an occupant.

One of the colored boys about the place, an ingenious fellow, succeeded in wiring together a small frame of bamboo twigs. Bureau drawers were ransacked for a covering, and finally a strong but transparent piece of white gauze was discovered; this was stretched tightly across the frame, leaving one side to be raised or lowered at pleasure. Furniture was then supplied, in the shape of a silver wire and twig of lantana, for sleeping and perching purposes. I then begged a toy cup from my hostess' little daughter, which I filled with the juice of the sugar-cane, setting a small quill in it, for the convenience of my guest's taper beak. I was gazing with extreme complacency upon this contrivance, when Justina innocently remarked that "litty bird tink dat berry quar flower." I looked at Justina with consternation. Certainly that china cup with the quill inserted did not look like any flower I had ever seen.

However, I placed it in the cage upon my table, in hopes that the 'cute little fellow would in some way get an inkling of its intended use.

All this time, during the confusion attending the erection of his dwelling, Minim, as I had decided to call this smallest of small birds, was darting about, making himself quite at home, and often visiting a bouquet on my table, composed of sprays of lovely orange-blossoms, and fragrant bunches of the moringa. As he became bolder, he flashed hither and thither with such startling rapidity that I fairly held my breath. Flying directly from one object to another was quite too tame for this small sprite. Various maneuvers were necessary to enable him to reach the honey-cups of moringa. After rapidly circling for some minutes around the table, he would suddenly become stationary over the flowers, suspended on wings vibrating with such extraordinary rapidity that he seemed to be enveloped in mist; then, perhaps, he would make another swift journey about the room before sipping the nectar contained in the fragrant blossoms.

But I began to hear gay voices outside; it was time for the usual afternoon drive, and oh dear! my linen dress hung in limp folds, and the room was so unbearably close that I could hardly breathe, but I dared not raise the jealousies, for by this time my heart was fixed upon keeping my bird. In vain I used every means to entice the cunning little fellow into the bird-house, sent all the flowers from the room, but a few blossoms which I scattered in the cage. I even cut off the base of one of the flowers, and fitted the remainder over the cup of sweets, which it entirely concealed. Minim refused to be enticed by that fraud, and I resigned myself with a sigh to a state of *deshabille* for the rest

of the evening, for, with neither air nor light, I had not the requisite energy for making a toilet. Minim soon decided to retire for the night, and perched upon his favorite picture-frame. Through the gathering darkness I could just see the queer little mite, his bead-like eyes closed, and his head not under his wing, but held a little toward one side, over his shoulder.

I sent Justina to request that my evening meal be served in my room, and also ventured to ask for a dim light, by which I might safely convey my food to my mouth. As the light entered the room, Minim started in terror, fluttered blindly from his perch, and in his endeavors to escape, beat his little body so violently against the wall that he fell to the floor. I ran and picked him up, fearing he was dead, but found that he clung tightly to my hand. I quickly put out the unfortunate light, groped my way to the cage, and succeeded in getting the little claws on to the silver wire, where they clung in desperation. I carefully drew my hand from the cage, lowered the gauze curtain, and listened intently, but there was no sound. So I resigned myself to darkness, and quietly retired to my couch, hoping for better luck on the morrow.

With the first break of dawn I was aroused from my slumber by a sound near me, and, listening, I distinguished a faint song, a plaintive bird-song, feeble but wonderfully sweet. I held my breath with astonishment and delight.

The singer could not be my new pet. Who ever heard a humming-bird make more than a sharp chirp!

The song continuing, I crept softly to the cage, and saw Minim perched upon the twig of lantana, his head raised in bird ecstasy, while pouring forth from the small throat came a continuous sound of faint but exquisite melody.

I had never before obtained so good a view of this wonderful little creature, and I now gazed long with admiration. The swelling breast was covered with fine white feathers, each feather tipped with bright green; the quivering wings were a deep, velvety black, and as a ray of the rising sun struck across the lustrous metallic green of his back and sides, I thought him the loveliest thing I had ever beheld.

The elfin sound continued for ten minutes or more, then ceased, and the bird resumed his brisk, alert air, and incessant watch for small stray flies. I began to think the song had been all a dream, but every morning after that, Minim woke me with the sweet song that, of all humming-birds, is only allowed to the vervain.

Minim soon began to hover about the faded flowers in his cage, evidently with dissatisfaction. I eagerly watched the drooping blossom covering

my cup of sweets. Minim, after trying one and another of the flowers, thrust his sharp beak into the flowery cheat, and there the little fellow remained, and I saw with gladness the tiny pumping apparatus within the beak moving at a great rate. What a greedy elf he was! Even after I removed the flower from the cup, he hovered over it every moment, drinking deeply of the sweet juice. I think he considered the whole affair a good invention.

I could fill a volume with the pranks with which this charming little bird amused me, during my stay in Jamaica. He grew more joyous and full of life every day, showing no signs of fear, and when allowed his freedom in the room, in search of the necessary insect-food, voluntarily returned to his cage and much loved sirup-cup.

I easily taught him to sip from my lips, and often have I been roused from my midday siesta by sharp, angry cries, and an eager little beak pecking at my lips, in search of the sweet drops often found there.

His curiosity was funny to see. All my garments had to undergo a thorough investigation, and my hair was made to stand on end, with his frantic endeavors to obtain my hair-ribbons. The many-colored bows adorning Justina's woolly head seemed to excite his indignation, and I have laughed till the tears came, to see the poor girl trying in vain to escape the attacks of her little persecutor; and when the sharp claws became entangled in her woolly mass of hair, her indignation would vent itself in a shower of abuse only possible to a genuine Jamaica negro tongue.

Not only did my wee birdie possess an amusing amount of vanity and bird-like self-conceit, but within the diminutive frame was a spirit capable of the most valorous deeds. Indeed, the little fellow was really pugnacious, and often reminded me of a small bantam-cock.

The Mexicans believed that the souls of departed warriors inhabited the bodies of humming-birds. Surely, if this myth were true, the spirit of some great chieftain lived again in the frail body of my pet.

One morning a mango humming-bird came flashing through the open window. I quickly lowered the jealousies, and opened Minim's cage, hoping to obtain possession of my lovely guest.

Minim, of course, darted from the cage; he eyed the magnificent stranger for some time with apparent serenity, but suddenly, without warning, darted toward him with a perfect shriek of rage, and for a moment all I could see was a confused, rapidly

revolving mass of feathers. First the mango, then Minim, would be uppermost in this terrific combat. I was bitterly repenting my rash act, for the mango was much the larger bird, and I feared would kill my pet, when I saw the stranger bird fall to the ground. I hurried to him and found that he was nearly dead, while Minim began quietly pluming himself, with an air of calm superiority. I never tried that experiment again, although I am sure my little pugilist was capable of whipping "a fellow twice his size."

Little black Snow-ball one day brought me the female bird and nest. Minim made charming husbandly advances to his little wife, but madame, refusing to be comforted, drooped her small head and died. Her volatile husband refused to perform a parent's duties, and to this day I have two pearly white eggs, lying in a nest no larger than an English walnut divided transversely. It is a wonderful, compact little cup, made of the white soft down in the ripened pods of the cotton-tree, the silky fibers tightly held together with some sticky substance, probably the saliva of the bird. Minute spiders'-webs are closely interwoven around the outside of the nest, and here and there are stuck bright bits of green and gray lichens, making altogether a wonderfully pretty little bird-house.

As the time drew near when I must leave the island, I was troubled about the fate of my pet. I feared for the frail life during the long, rough voyage, and I had no friend in Jamaica with whom I could trust the little creature; so I finally decided that the greatest kindness I could render my tiny friend would be to give him his liberty. The last morning dawned; Minim, as usual, gave me vigorous help in arranging my hair, became entangled in my hat ribbons, and pecked at my crimps. For the last time I held the dear fellow to my face, and felt the eager bill searching for sweet sirup between my lips, then, with a heavy heart, I went to the window, raised the jealousies, gave my pet one little farewell squeeze, and opened wide my hands.

With one wild, joyous dash of fluttering wings and a sharp "screech" of delight, my ungrateful little humming-bird sprang forth to meet the fresh morning air, and the last I saw of Minim was a small flashing bit of green and black feathers rapidly dashing away from my sorrowful gaze, growing smaller and smaller in the distance, until it was lost in a wilderness of waving palms and brilliant, luxuriant, tropical foliage.

My beautiful Minim had returned to the wild, sunny freedom from which he had been taken.

MASTER MOONO.

BY S. CONANT FOSTER.

(With illustrations by "a born artist.")

GET on my knee, my little dear,
And listen to a story queer;
'T is all about the strange career
Of Master Moono, chevalier,
Who built a funny car, ha! ha!
To ride from Dan to Beersheba.

It made the people laugh and stare,
The car was such an odd affair;
'T was half a coach and half a chair,
Would go on water, earth, or air,
Was lined with costly camel's-hair,
And had a cannon filled with care—
"I might," he said, "as well prepare
For peace, or war, he! he! ha! ha!
In leaving Dan for Beersheba."

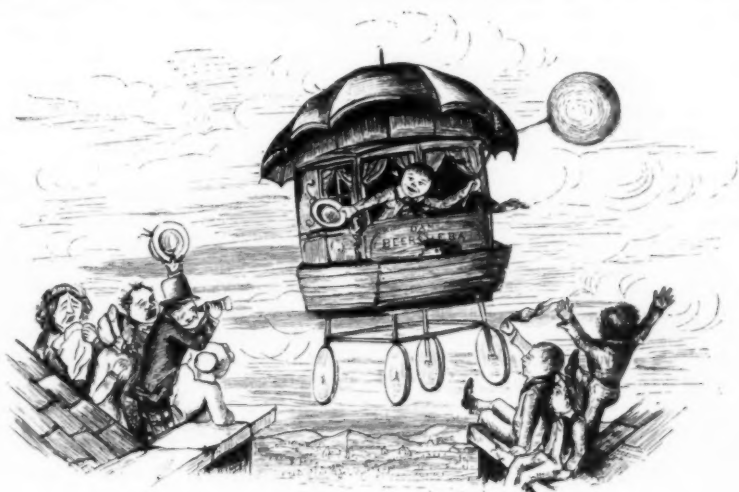
He took his mother's jewel-box;
It had no strappings, hasps, or locks,
But still he thought 't would stand the knocks;
He put inside a pair of socks,
His father's worsted farming smocks,
His little baby brother's blocks,
And all his sister's Sunday frocks;
For ballast thirty granite rocks,
Besides a dozen ticking clocks
To tell the time it took, ha! ha!
To run from Dan to Beersheba.

The neighbors said: "The boy is daft!"
But Master Moono only laughed,
And packed with food his funny craft;
Provisions took, ho! ho! ha! ha!
To last from Dan to Beersheba.

His mother wept and turned pale;
His sister said, "The thing will fail."
But all their tears did not avail;
He jumped in and hoisted sail,
Up sprang a sprightly southern gale;
He cried: "Good-bye, my Pa and Ma,
I'm off from Dan to Beersheba!"

He traveled near, he traveled far;
In Tyrol he did tra-la-la,
He heard a German saying "yah,"
He twanged a Spanish maid's guitar,
And bowed before the Russian czar.
Now, then," he cried, "To see a star,
And then, through Borriboolaga,
I'll hie me on to Beersheba."

The rocks of granite out he threw,
And up aloft he quickly flew;
Then, fast receding from his view,
The houses small and smaller grew.
He shivered, coughed, and sneezed "A-chew!"

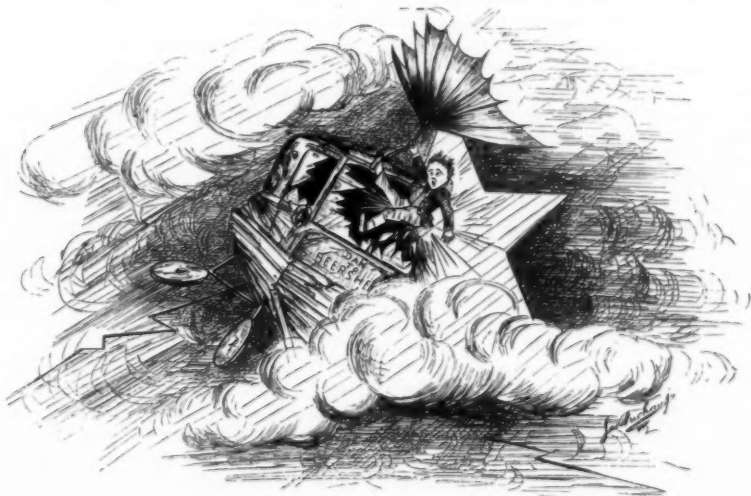


His ears were red, his nose was blue.
 "Oh, dear!" he cried, "What shall I do?"
 For he was frightened through and through,
 And never thought to laugh "Ha! ha!"
 But wished himself in Beersheba.

Because of clouds of rain and snow
 He could not see the way to go;
 He struck a star a sudden blow,
 And, in a thousand bits or so,

The car went tumbling down below.
 Some pieces fell in Africa,
 And some in Dan and Beersheba.

But Master Moono in the sky
 Was doomed for aye to live and die;
 Sometimes he hides his face to cry,
 Sometimes he only shows an eye,
 Sometimes, with many a star, ha! ha!
 He shines on Dan and Beersheba.



MYSTERY IN A MANSION.

(A Story of an S. S.)

BY * * *

CHAPTER XI.

THE REGATTA.



HE Chief when he first spoke of his desire to witness the boat-race, said, "Your regatta"; then he turned and walked with Fred and Belle over the fields to the creek, carrying Belle's light basket, and before they had reached the boat he said, "Our regatta," for by this time they had arranged for one in which four single-oared and two double-oared crews were to be entered as contestants.

"Now," said Fred, "if you will only come at once and speak to Papa, we can begin by twelve o'clock."

"You think he will consent?"

"After I have spoken to him, I am sure he will," said Fred, with a dignity Belle much admired.

"Of course," said the Chief. "The whole Brotherhood—that is, I mean,—all the boys wont enter. There are four of you?"

"Five, counting Kitty," said Fred.

"Does she row?" asked the Chief.

"Capitally," said Fred. "And she is specially good on a spurt. She holds out very well, too, and she will be sure to insist on entering, so we might as well count her in."

"Do you row?" said the Chief, turning to Belle.

"A little," said Belle. "But not enough to enter in a race. Mamma and I were going to give the prizes."

"That's a good idea," said he. "Now I'll go back and tell the boys, and we shall row up."

"It will be all right, Will!" cried Fred, as he turned his boat up the creek again.

The Chief nodded, and hurried back to give his orders to the Loyal Brothers.

When Fred and Belle at length drew near the party up the creek, they found them all on shore and busy making a fire. Sandy and his mother had caught some fish, and a fry and a coffee-boil were decided upon. That this was, in some degree, premeditated, was proved by the fact that

Sandy had brought a coffee-pot and a frying-pan in his boat.

"Papa," said Fred, hurrying up to where his father lay on the grass, watching Sandy and Kitty gather up dried sticks, "you look as if you would be glad to have some of the trouble of the regatta taken off your hands. I met," here he raised his voice a little, and spoke very distinctly,—"I met the Chief—"

"The who?" said his father.

"The Chief and Napoleon Bonaparte, and some of the others."

"That was nice," said Kitty, trying not to look surprised. "But you need not be so mysterious. Cousin Robert knows all about it."

"He does!" exclaimed Fred; "and I told the Chief that tortures could n't draw it from you."

"I kept my word!" said Kitty, a little hotly.

"I said I should tell Cousin Robert. That made all the trouble."

"They said girls could n't keep a secret," said Fred, still teasing.

"Keep what?" asked Sandy. "If it is Kitty's secret, she would n't tell me."

"I told no one but Cousin Robert," said Kitty, putting her sticks into the fire. "But Fred is telling every one!"

"She has the best of you, Fred," said his father.

"It is n't a secret," said Fred. "The whole thing is broken up."

"Who said it was n't a secret?" cried Kitty.

"The Chief," replied Fred.

"That is lovely!" and Kitty, between the fire and delight, grew very red. "Now, Sandy, I'll tell you all about it. You see, I met Harry Briscoe in the hall upstairs, and he had Napoleon Bonaparte shut up in the dark room, and he asked me if I would be State's evidence, and I—"

"Goodness!" exclaimed Sandy, "don't tell me all, tell me part."

"But don't you see?" said Kitty.

"Begin at the beginning," said Fred. "But first I want to tell you that I asked Will Lewis—he is the Chief (you know he was at Bagsby's last term, Sandy)—to take a share in our regatta. He wanted to, and they have some boats. They seem to be nice boys, Papa."

"They are very amusing," said his father. "Will they come in costume?"

"What on earth is it all about?" exclaimed Sandy. "What is it, Belle?"

"I don't know," said Belle. "It is some sort of society, and they all have names."

"Don't you really know?" cried Kitty. "Did n't the Chief tell you?"

"Not much," confessed Fred, his curiosity conquering him.

"Did he really say it was n't a secret?"

"He said it made no difference, for it was all broken up."

"Very well," said Kitty, greatly rejoiced. "Just call Cousin Jule, and Donald, and sit down on the grass, and I'll tell you all about it."

"Begin at the beginning," said Sandy.

"And hurry up, for they'll be here soon," said Fred.

So they all sat down on the grass, and with much animation, and many interruptions, Kitty told the story of the Brotherhood, and Sandy declared it must be fun, and he would be the Chief if Will Lewis resigned. Donald said it was ridiculous, and Belle privately resolved to ask Will Lewis to have it all again, when she would be Mary, Queen of Scots.

"I rather like to be the Invader," said Mr. Baird. "For I——"

"Oh, I tell you!" cried Kitty, jumping up in great excitement. "Let us tie Cousin Robert's hands behind him, and muss up his hair, and that old coat could be torn a little, and let us present him to the Chief as a captured Invader."

"Upon my word," said Mr. Baird, "that is a charming proposition! Then, suppose they carry on the joke, and duck me in the creek?"

"Oh, we should n't let them do that!" cried Kitty. "We should rescue you. We should n't let them touch you. It would be perfectly lovely!"

"Thank you, Kitty," said her cousin. "But if I play the frog and the boys, I won't be the frog."

"Here they come!" shouted Sandy, jumping up.

The Chief had been mistaken in one respect. All the tribe did come. As soon as the regatta was mentioned, each one of the boys said he would go, and not one of them volunteered to stay behind. So now they had six boats in all.

The "Helen," the "Marian," the "Fly-catcher," and the "Neptune" were all small boats, to be rowed by one pair of oars, while the "Jolly Fisherman" and "King Charles" were for four oars.

The Brotherhood fastened their boats and came up to the fire. They were a pleasant, good-humored looking little company, and Mr. Baird was quite sincere when he said he was glad to see them.

The first announcement was made by Napoleon

Bonaparte, who said they had brought flags. As the Bairds had none, they had to confiscate ribbons and handkerchiefs, and make three. After this was done, they arranged the terms of the race.

The four small boats were to be entered together, and were to be manned by Fred, Will Lewis, Donald, and Don Quixote, as oarsmen nearest in size, and, possibly, in skill. Then the "Jolly Fisherman" and "King Charles," with Sandy, Harry Briscoe, Robinson Crusoe, and Rob Roy; Robin Hood, Kitty, Captain Kidd, and Napoleon Bonaparte made up two other crews for a second race, and then Mr. Baird and Kitty were to row in the "Marian" against two in each of the other small boats.

They were to start at a great willow tree, and to come back to it. Belle was to be the starter, and with Mrs. Baird, judge and umpire.

The prizes were, first: a new deep-sea line, owned by Donald; then a gold watch-key, broken, but still a key, and still gold; and, finally, sixteen lead-pencils of different sizes, contributed by the whole party. The small boat winning the most races was to be the flag-ship of the squadron, and the best single-oarsman was to have a rosette, made out of Mrs. Baird's blue neck-ribbon.

After the race was over, a few more fish were to be caught, and then they were to have luncheon.

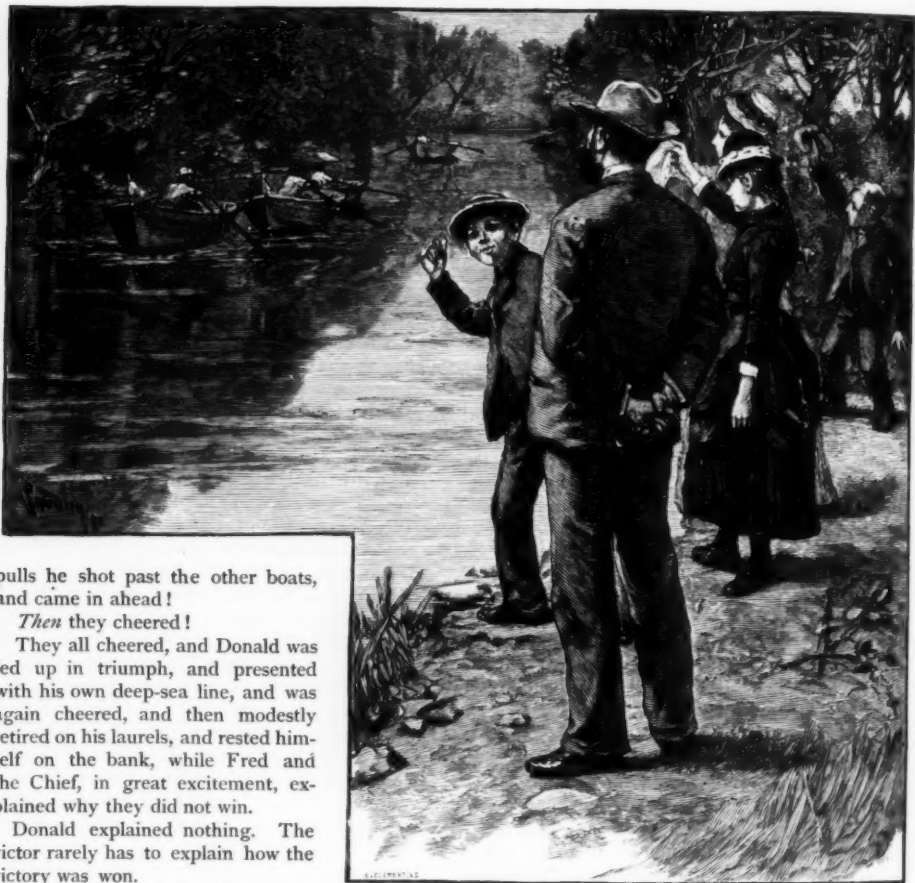
These arrangements were all concluded, Kitty announced that she rowed as Sir Walter Raleigh, and they hurried down to the bank of the river, and the boats were manned.

The day was fine, the water smooth, and, amid much applause, the four boats started off. Fred took the lead at once. He pulled with quick, nervous strokes, and was, in a moment, a boat's length ahead of the others. The Chief saw this, he gave a few strong pulls, and was alongside. Don Quixote made such uneven strokes that it was evident he was wasting strength, but Donald, hardly turning his head, rowed on steadily and evenly. He lost nothing. The Chief and Fred put out all their strength against each other. It was evident that they felt the race lay between them, and that the others counted for little.

They were now going with the tide, and pulled well. Donald was not excited, but when they turned and came back against the tide, it was plainly to be seen that he had reserved his strength to some purpose. Fred and the Chief were still ahead, and still kept close. As they drew near the willow tree, cries of applause, of encouragement, sounded from the shore; each one had his friends, and each boat was cheered lustily. Fred pulled like a little giant, he looked red and hot; the Chief now led, and the Brotherhood cheered him. They were almost at the tree!

Don Quixote was hopelessly behind, Donald close to Fred. Again the Brotherhood hurrahed. The Chief rowed with zeal, and Fred came up alongside of him. Then Donald bent to his work; he was not hot nor tired; he had measured his strength and had not spent it, and with a few strong

most girls she worked up under excitement, and "King Charles" at once took the lead, and kept it, and came in all excitement, glory, and applause, far ahead of the "Jolly Fisherman," and so Kitty, as the representative of the crew, became the delighted receiver of the golden watch-key.



pulls he shot past the other boats, and came in ahead!

Then they cheered!

They all cheered, and Donald was led up in triumph, and presented with his own deep-sea line, and was again cheered, and then modestly retired on his laurels, and rested himself on the bank, while Fred and the Chief, in great excitement, explained why they did not win.

Donald explained nothing. The victor rarely has to explain how the victory was won.

Then Belle again took her place under the willow. The "Jolly Fisherman" and "King Charles" were manned by eager and excited crews, and they started off.

Mr. Baird did not like the arrangement of these crews. Kitty and the smaller boys were in the same boat, and he thought the division unwise. But, as it happened, the very best oarsman of the whole Brotherhood was stout little Captain Kidd, and he and Kitty rowed together, stroke for stroke, like machines. Kitty always rowed well, and like

"DON QUIXOTE WAS HOPELESSLY BEHIND."

Then they changed the programme, and had luncheon.

They did not wait to catch more fish, but put all their stores together, and ate everything, and felt fresher.

It was also judged best for Mr. Baird and Kitty not to row together, as Kitty had proved herself such a champion, so Mr. Baird took Robin Hood, and Kitty rowed with Robinson Crusoe. The

beginning of this race was not satisfactory. The "Neptune" sprang a leak, and the other boats were stopped to find a piece of tallow that was always carried by some one of the Brotherhood in case of such a disaster. No one had it, and then it was found in the possession of Don Quixote, who stood under the willow with Belle. The "Helen" went after it, and the leak was stopped, and the race began again.

It was won by Donald and Robin Hood, in the "Marian," so each received eight lead-pencils; Donald bore off the rosette, and the "Marian," winner in two races, mounted all the flags, and Mrs. Baird was rowed home in it by Donald, the champion.

CHAPTER XII.

POMP AND CEREMONY.

AS MIGHT have been expected, it was not long before the Band of Loyal Brothers was reorganized, and increased with new members.

After the regatta, the Brotherhood was always happening in at Greystone. Sometimes Captain Kidd appeared at Patty's kitchen door, with a string of fish, or Don Quixote and some of the others brought birds. One afternoon, the Chief came with a lawn scythe and a set of croquet, and soon made a fine level for the game on the lawn.

The Bairds all liked the boys, and there was no doubt of their liking the Bairds. They took the girls out rowing one lovely starlight night, and Belle and the Chief sang song after song together, to every one's delight, and then Napoleon Bonaparte, who had been a chorister one winter, sang hymns in a sweet, girlish voice, and Kitty was so pleased she wanted to kiss the little chap. They played checkers and guessed puzzles in the evening, by the light of Mrs. Lambert's lamp, and one rainy day they had charades in the great parlor.

It was, therefore, very proper, and very inevitable, that the tribe should again come to life.

"I don't see how you ever came to think of such a thing," said Donald, one evening, as the Chief and Lord Leicester sat on the porch steps.

"We did n't think of it all at once," said the Chief, "it came little by little. It began with my sister. My older brothers had a secret society, so Emily and I thought we'd have one. The 'B. O. B.' (Bower of Beauty), we called it!—and one day my uncle said that somebody, I don't know who, said that if we wanted to know how people felt when they said cross, or pleasant, or stupid things, we should try to look like them, and we, too, should feel cross or pleasant."

"I don't believe that," said Fred, "and yet, perhaps, if I should go about with my eyebrows

raised, and my forehead puckered, I might get to feel as anxious as Uncle Peyton looks."

"Don't be personal," said Mrs. Baird, glancing at Kitty, but Kitty was not thinking of her father, nor of his eyebrows, but exclaimed:

"And so you tried looking like Napoleon Bonaparte, and all that? I don't believe one of you could feel like him, nor Captain Kidd, neither."

"That was n't all my uncle said," continued the Chief; "he went on talking about great people, and he said no one ever became great without having in himself some reason for it—some sort of power, you know."

"I don't know about that," said Sandy; "sometimes people are lucky. There was your Benidicto, you know, Belle!"

"But there must be something in the people, you see," said Donald. "No luck in the world could make a man stand up if he had no bones, and 'power,' as Will calls it, must take the place of bones in character."

"Very well stated," said Mr. Baird; "but—go on, Will."

"So my uncle said that when he was a boy, he was an awful coward. He would n't even go anywhere in the dark through the house, and his mother, to make him braver, used to call him her little Washington, and he was ashamed to be a coward then. And so he said it was n't a bad plan for children to cure themselves of their faults by playing they were some one else, and choosing some character that was just what they ought to be. Our Emily was all the time finding fault, and telling tales, so he said she had better be Don Quixote, who thought everybody good and beautiful, and who tried to help people out of trouble instead of blaming them. I was lazy and I was all the time thinking I could n't do this or that, and wanting people to help me, so he told me to play that I was Robinson Crusoe, for he had to depend on himself, and believe he could do things, and think about the best way of doing them. That was a long time ago."

"Did you do it?" asked Kitty.

"Certainly. It was lots of fun. The 'B. O. B.' was an old tool-house, and we played it was Robinson Crusoe's cave, and Don Quixote came there in a ship."

"What good did it do you?" asked Fred.

"A good deal," said Will. "I could n't have been Chief of the Brotherhood if I had n't been used to planning, as Robinson Crusoe. These boys need a great deal of thinking done for them!"

"Then, how came the Brotherhood?" said Mrs. Baird.

"Oh, that was easy enough! We all came up here to spend the summer, and a good many of us

used to go to the same school,—before I went to Bagsby's, Fred,—and we thought we'd have a tribe, and so it came to be the Band of Loyal Brothers, and I thought of this old play of ours. We have had a real good time."

"I don't doubt that," said Mr. Baird. "I should n't mind being a Loyal Brother myself. I don't know what character I had better choose. I might be so many things I am not."

"You have your character," cried Kitty; "you never could be anything but the Baron Baird, the Invader."

"That is hard on me," her cousin said, "for if I have ever tried to do one thing, it has been not to interfere with other people, and to mind my own affairs."

"We were not particular about that part of it," said the Lord Leicester. "The Chief did propose it, but we could n't agree about our faults. Nobody would own up, you see. Now, there is Robinson Crusoe. Of course he has very rough manners, anybody could see that, and when I proposed that he should be Lord Chesterfield, and so get better ones, he got up and wanted to knock me over. None of us could see our faults just as the others did, so we just chose the character we liked best. I always thought Lord Leicester was a fine fellow, and not well used, so I took him."

"Then," said Donald, "I tell you who I'd like to be—Marco Bozzaris, rushing in with my Greeks on the Turks."

"You would n't like to be killed?" said Belle.

"No; I'd have that altered. I should win the victory and free my country, and be crowned king."

And so, one afternoon that week, three boats mysteriously glided up to the bank just beyond Greystone Wharf, and in silence and with cautious steps, the Chief, Don Quixote, Robin Hood, Captain Kidd, Robinson Crusoe, Napoleon Bonaparte, Rob Roy, and Pocahontas (who had been away for several days) took their way to Greystone Castle.

The Council Chamber was lighted only by the fire burning in the open fire-place, and by a candle in a bottle. The pitch-pine torches, as yet unlighted, were leaning against the wall; other candles, also in bottles, were on the mantel-piece, and the rug, upon which the Gypsy Chief sat, was in its place in front of the fire. Green branches were strewn upon the floor, and in one corner was a seat covered with an old red table-cover, and long enough for three to sit upon without much crowding, and Lord Leicester was in waiting.

In silence the Brotherhood passed into the out-kitchen, and when they came back, each brother was in costume, and each wore his mask. Then all the candles and the pitch-pine torches were lighted, and Rob Roy and Robin Hood, holding the torches,

took their places beside the Chief, who sat upon his rug, wearing his red cloak and cap.

Lord Leicester and Don Quixote then left the room, and in a moment voices and steps were heard in the hall. Next, all was silent, and then the door opened, and there entered:

The Captured Invader, with his hands tied in front.

A Quakeress (Mrs. Baird).

Sir Walter Raleigh (Kitty).

Bluebeard (Sandy).

Mary, Queen of Scots (Belle).

The Duke of Wellington (Donald).

King Arthur (Fred).

These were separately announced by Lord Leicester, and received by the Chief, standing. They, also, were masked.

"The Invader," said the Chief, promptly proceeding to business, "is put under guard." And at a signal, made by the Chief, who touched his forehead, Don Quixote and Robinson Crusoe at once stepped to the Invader's side, and laid their hands on his shoulders. He trembled. He trembled so violently that his knees shook, and Sir Walter Raleigh laughed, but immediately checked herself.

"The ladies," said the Chief, "I welcome," and then he gave another sign, by laying two fingers of one hand in the palm of the other, and Captain Kidd and Napoleon Bonaparte conducted the Quakeress and the Queen of Scots to the covered seat.

"Sir Walter Raleigh," began the Chief.

"Oh, I'll stay with the other boys—the other knights, I mean," said Kitty.

"Sir Walter Raleigh," resumed the Chief, "I welcome you!"

He had not intended to say this, but it was well thought of, and well received.

Then King Arthur advanced, and dropping upon one knee, he asked for admission to the Band of Loyal Brothers; he asked it for himself, and for his company of pilgrims.

"Are ye true and tried?" said the Chief.

"True," replied King Arthur, "but not yet tried."

The Chief hesitated a moment, then he said:

"My sword!"

And Lord Leicester handed him his sword. It was long and bright, and the Chief held it up in the air.

"Swear!" he cried.

"I swear!" repeated King Arthur, adding, in a low, quick voice, "don't you let that come down on my head."

"Swear you will be secret concerning all that concerns the Band of Loyal Brothers."

"I swear!" said King Arthur.

"Swear that you will obey the Chief, and not ask reasons of him."

"I swear!" repeated King Arthur.

"Swear that you will aid the poor, and defend the innocent."

"I swear!" said he, and Sir Walter Raleigh turned and looked at Robin Hood and Napoleon Bonaparte, as if she had just been reminded of something.

"Rise, Sir Knight!" cried the Chief, giving the candidate a whack on the shoulder with his sword, and quickly adding, "I hope I did n't hurt you, Fred?"

King Arthur rubbed his shoulder, but said nothing.

Then the Duke of Wellington, arrayed in a three-cornered hat, and a water-proof cloak, advanced, knelt, and was sworn in. Bluebeard followed, and then Sir Walter Raleigh came forward.

By this time the ceremony of admitting the new members had become a little monotonous, but when the Chief said: "Swear never again to reveal the secrets of this prison-house," Sir Walter Raleigh created some sensation by promptly asking:

"Do you mean I ever did tell?"

"I do," replied the Chief.

"Well, I did n't," said Sir Walter, getting up off her knees, "and it is very mean in you to say so. Did I?" she said, turning to Robin Hood.

"No, you did n't," he answered. "At least, I don't believe you did."

"And you and Napoleon Bonaparte promised to be my champions?"

The champions nodded their heads.

"I don't know about that," said Bluebeard, mischievously. "Of course, when she was a girl, she could have champions, but now she's Sir Walter, she ought, of course, to fight for herself."

"Very well," said Sir Walter. "I don't want any champions. I dare anybody who says I told anything, excepting to Cousin Robert, to fight."

"To single combat," corrected King Arthur.

"To single combat," added Sir Walter.

The Brotherhood looked upon this with interest. The band had never had a combat, and now to have the glove thrown down, as a knight would have said, by a girl, was novel and exciting.

"But nobody can fight her," said Robinson Crusoe.

"Why not?" said Sir Walter, with spirit, and taking off her mask. "I don't mean to fight like you boys, with fists, but with lances, as the knights used to do."

"And on horseback," suggested the Captured Invader.

"I forbid fighting," said the Quakeress, getting

up. "Friends, ye must not engage in deeds of strife."

"But her—his—I mean, Sir Walter's honor?" said the Captured Invader.

"Let her be tried by her brethren," said the Quakeress, sitting down.

The Brotherhood immediately unmasked, and each put his mask in his pocket, with an air of not having meant to do it.

"She can't be tried," said the Duke of Wellington, who knew something of law and order, "until she is a member, and she has n't been made one yet."

"Kneel!" cried the Chief, and Sir Walter knelt, and was gently touched by the sword, and told to arise.

"Now," said she, "to-night I shall watch my armor."

"Come, Belle," said Bluebeard, and Mary, Queen of Scots, came forward.

"I don't know what to do," said the Chief, "girls were never knighted."

"Give her the right hand of fellowship," suggested Lord Leicester.

"No, I thank you," the Queen promptly replied.

"If I am going to be a member, I'll be made one just as you are."

"Crown her," said Donald, and the Chief looked his gratitude, and taking off the high fabric of roses and green leaves with which the royal head was adorned, he put it back again, and said:

"Thou art crowned Queen," and Belle arose, saying regretfully:

"I ought to have been knighted," but as the Chief then asked her to sit upon the royal rug at his side, she was reconciled. Still, as honors always bring their own penalties, Belle found that her position was a hot one, but she, like a certain king of Spain, said nothing, but sat still, and bore the fire.

Then the Quakeress, fair and gentle in her gray dress, and white cap, and kerchief, was allowed to say "yea" and "nay" to her vows, but she was not knighted, of course.

After this was all done, and all the candidates were admitted to membership, it was proposed that it was now time to try the Captured Invader. The tribe then sat down in a circle, and the prisoner was placed in the middle, but as he was too tall for comfort in looking at him, he was requested to sit down, and did so.

He was then asked his name, and how he came there. He said he was the Baron Baird, and had but returned to the home of his ancestors.

This, no one denied, but the Chief told him that the castle was captured, and in the hands of the foe, and he was immediately sent out of the room, under the charge of his guards, and the Brother-

hood went through the formality of a vote upon his sentence.

Some voted for banishment, some for imprisonment for life, some declared he ought to be released, and one, Pocahontas, proposed that he should be pardoned, and his castle be returned to him. Then the Chief said he would take no vote, and he sent for the prisoner.

"We have agreed," and he looked around the tribe, and tried to keep from smiling, "to banish you for twelve months, and then to exact your return to Greystone with your family, to report, and—in—the—interval—I—lay—you—under tribute!"

At this unexpected sentence, the tribe looked surprised, but the Chief ordered the Invader's hands to be unbound, and a detail of Bluebeard and Captain Kidd was made to go for the tribute, and they were asked to leave the door open.

"While they are gone," said Don Quixote, "we might arrange for the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh."

"No, you need n't," said Pocahontas, "I told it! You see, I thought that if other girls belonged my sister might, and I was tired of being a squaw; I wanted to be Nero, or Shakespeare, and as Kitty Baird would n't be Pocahontas, I asked our Nelly to be, and I did n't think to tell her not to tell the other girls. If I had been here and known all the fuss, I'd have told you long ago!"

The Brotherhood arose. They each spoke, and at the same moment, and there is no knowing how fearful might have been the consequences of this confession, had not Sandy, or rather Bluebeard, and Captain Kidd entered, with the tribute, in a large clothes-basket.

The Queen of Scots, who began to feel afraid she would share the fate of the Spanish king, and be roasted alive, proposed that they should go to some quiet, retired spot in the garden, and there unpack the tribute, and there was at once a joyful cry of assent, and a quick rush into the fresh air.

The tribute was worthy of the Baron, for the basket contained a pie made of birds, shot by Lord Leicester, and cooked by Patty; bread and butter, peaches, a dish of hot fish, caught by Captain Kidd, and also cooked by Patty; gingerbread, milk, and finally, a peck of California pea-nuts, over which the Brotherhood sat until dark, and discussed the past, the present, and the future.

CHAPTER XIII.

OUT IN THE MELON-FIELD, AND THE LAST ADVENTURE.

KITTY was decided in her determination to watch her armor, and as she had no sword of her

own, she borrowed the one belonging to the Chief, and this, with the shawl she had draped as a cloak, and her hat and plume, made up the armor, which she placed in the room opening into her own. Here she said she should watch one hour.

"In the night?" asked Sandy.

"In the night," responded Kitty; and she went to bed at once, so as to have a little nap first, and as she had hurt her foot, Patty followed with a soft, warm bread-and-milk poultice to bind on it. Kitty did not want the poultice, but Patty assured her that it would remove all the soreness, and so she yielded, and the foot was neatly bound up, and Kitty, half dressed, lay down to take her nap.

When Belle came up to bed, she laughed. Kitty was sound asleep, and there was no sign of her waking!

But she did awaken. It was not her anxiety to watch her armor that aroused her, but the poultice. It had grown cold and hard, and was uncomfortable. So Kitty sat up, took it off, rolled it up into a ball, and threw it across the room. Then she thought of her armor. The idea of getting up was not pleasant. "Donald was right," she thought; "it is all nonsense, and it is dark, and my foot is sore, and I am so sleepy, and—yet, when they ask me to-morrow—" and she paused. Then she determined to get up, but first to rest a moment. So she lay down again, but at that moment she heard a little noise, and she sprang up.

Some one laughed!

It was suppressed, but it was a laugh. Then she heard a noise as though some one had knocked over a boot, and she at once jumped up and ran to the door and listened.

Some one in the boys' room was up!

She ran into the hall. The moon was shining; there was no light in the house, but she could hear the boys softly moving about. In a moment she heard them coming out, so she hid in the corner, and all three passed without seeing her. Then she was about to run back into her own room, when her cousin Robert's door opened, and he came out, paused, and then followed the boys.

It did not take many seconds for Kitty to dress after this, and without disturbing Belle, she soon stole out of the room, with a pair of overshoes on her feet. She had no pain, she forgot all about her wounded foot and Patty's injunctions to be careful, as she flew down stairs and out at the back door, which was open.

No one was to be seen.

She ran lightly toward the "Council Chamber," but here all was silent. Then she turned and ran north, and when she reached the end of the garden fence, she saw Mr. Baird cross the lane. The boys were not in sight. Mr. Baird was now in the

shadow of the bushes, and, in as deep shelter, Kitty went after him. Her overshoes came off, she picked them up, and pursued her way in great happiness and in her stocking-feet. Her cousin followed Farmer Saunders's fence, and when he came to the great gate, he disappeared. Kitty stood still, aghast.

It was not possible that her cousin and the boys were going to rob Farmer Saunders's water-melon field! But she resolved to see all that was to be

greatest distress, for, although Kitty loved mischief, she also loved honor, and she saw no fun in this robbing at night.

There was a slight movement in the bushes near her, and by peeping through the branches she saw her cousin, Mr. Baird. He was not five feet from her. She drew back. Then she thought she would whisper to him to be merciful. Then she felt as though she must scream and alarm the boys, and then, suddenly, out of the silence, came a voice,



"THE INVADER IS PUT UNDER GUARD." [SEE PAGE 430.]

seen, so she crept under the fence, and was soon in the field, in a thicket of elderberry-bushes.

Here she saw an exciting spectacle.

The water-melon field was being robbed!

There was quite a pile of the fruit in one corner, and near it lay what she could see in the bright moonlight was evidently a number of bags.

Could it be! Were the Loyal Brothers thieves, and had her cousins come out to help them!

Oh, if she only had heard them before her cousin Robert! If they only had told her! What could she do? She crouched down under a blackberry-bush, she wrung her hands, she was in the

singing in a clear, sweet tone, but with piercing accents:

"And so the Judgment surely comes, Beware! Beware!
The one who sins, the one who runs, Beware! Beware!"

The thieves stopped as if they had been shot. The voice went on:

"The one who steals his neighbor's goods, Beware! Beware!"

It arose high and shrill, and in a second the thieves turned—they flew. They stopped for neither fruit nor bag, but, fear lending them wings, they went like deer before the hunter.

Then out of the bushes came Fred, Donald, and Sandy, and they stood still and laughed, but when from his concealment, with his hat over his eyes, came Mr. Baird, they, too, turned and were about to run, when he spoke: "I should n't do that," he said; "a stranger might think you guilty."

"Did you see them?" said Sandy. "It just popped into my head to give them a good fright. My goodness, did n't they run!"

"How came you to know they were here?" asked his father.

"I heard them," said Sandy. "I awakened, and I thought I would see if Kitty were watching her armor, and as I went back to bed, I heard a whistle, so I looked through the window and there were two strange men! One said, 'They've forgotten the bags,' and then three more men came along, and so I called the boys, and we followed them. But how did you come here?"

"I heard you, and I thought you were all bound to watch armor, so I thought I'd see how you did it. When you came out-of-doors, I followed. I was really curious then. Was Kitty up?"

"No, indeed! She wont waken. But was n't it funny? As soon as I called Fred, he said they were coming here. I don't see how he guessed it."

"That was easy enough," said Fred, with an air of superiority. "Do you think they'll come back?"

"No," said their father, "but we had better stay about a little while."

But Kitty did not stay. She crept stealthily by bush and fence, and, unseen, gained the house, and when Mr. Baird and Fred came back, they were cheerfully saluted by Sir Walter Raleigh, who came out of the moonlit room arrayed in cloak and hat, and carrying her sword.

Then she went to bed, and she did not know until she went down to breakfast that Sandy had found her overshoes in the field, where, in her ex-

citement, she had left them. As they had a red "K. B." on the inside, there was no difficulty in deciding who was the owner.

Then the whole story was told, and everybody was amused excepting Belle, who found it difficult to forgive Kitty for not calling her.

This was the last of the Greystone adventures, for the next day the Bairds left for home.

The Loyal Brothers were disconsolate. It was true that they also were going in a week or two, but they wanted to keep the whole party together. Of course, all the Invader's family, excepting, perhaps, Patty, would have gladly staid, but business called Mr. Baird back, and he would not leave the children.

That evening the Brotherhood had a farewell meeting, and it was determined to return the next year, to keep the tribe in existence, to retain the present Chief in office, and to accept the Invader's invitation to dine with him in a body, at his home, the Saturday after Thanksgiving. And so, when the steam-boat stopped the next day, and took the browned and merry party, with their bags and bundles, on board, the Brotherhood stood on the wharf, and cheered and waved handkerchiefs, and on the boat hats were taken off, handkerchiefs were waved, and everybody cheered and bowed, and Rob Roy, to the surprise of every one, fired off a Roman candle. The passengers did not know the meaning of this, but they waved and hurraed all the same, and away went the boat!

A week after, Mr. Baird received a note from the Chief. It was short and to the point:

"Did you know," it said, "that, through some strange oversight, you were never made a member of the Loyal Brothers? Should you like to be? If so, when? What title do you prefer?"

To this, Mr. Baird answered: "I had not thought of it, but I am amazed that I did not. I should. Next summer. The Captured Invader."

THE END.

MY BAROMETER.

BY HANNAH R. HUDSON.

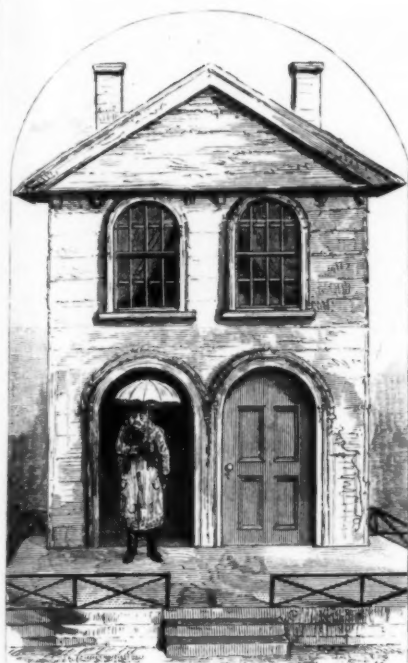
I HAVE a birthday present that stands upon my desk;
'T is a tiny, painted house,
Big enough to hold a mouse,
And in it live two people of manners most grotesque.

The house has bits of windows, a door to left and right,
And a little yard before,
On a level with the floor;
And when one door is open, the other is shut tight.

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Sometimes she makes a longer, sometimes a shorter stay,
But the little man must know
And watch for her to go,
For he comes, with his umbrella, as soon as she 's away.

Now, this pair of Lilliputians have better wit than mine;
For they both know very well
('T is a wonder how they tell!)
Just when the storms are coming, and when the sun will shine.

When the little man's door opens, the skies are overcast.
Stormy all the days remain
Till the man goes in again,
And I see the little woman, and storms are overpast.

So I, who watch them, know full well if skies will shine, or lower,
For the little man will go
Ere a ray of sun can show;
And the little woman never was caught in any shower.

Both the weather-wise small people, however odd they be,
Have grown good friends of mine;
And, if days be dull or fine,
Still the man, or else the woman, will keep me company.

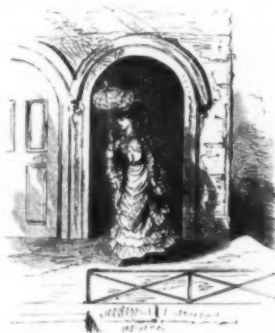
Two funny little people go in and out the doors;
Before a body knows,
One comes out, the other goes;
And one is dressed in rubber and one is dressed in gauze.

When the little door springs open, upon the farther side,
Then a little man appears
With a cap drawn to his ears,
And a small and stiff umbrella, forever opened wide,

With shiny boots of rubber, and a rubber coat of gray.
And he stands outside his door
For a week, sometimes, or more;
Or, perhaps, within an hour, he comes and goes away.

And no sooner has he vanished from his accustomed place
Than the other door springs wide,
And, upon the other side,
Comes out a little woman, all furbelows and lace—

The queerest little woman that you could chance to see;
With a fan and parasol,
And a wonderful lace shawl,
And plumes and flowers and flounces, and other finery.



FOXY CONFUCIUS.

BY W. H. DAVENPORT.

THIS is the story of a little yellow dog. His look was intelligence itself. I give his portrait. But he was not all yellow,—or he might have been a mean dog. And he was not mean.

His nose, meant to sniff around in the dirt, was black, as was fitting, and Nature had completed the harmonious coloring of his exterior by dipping the extreme end of his bushy tail in her ink-pot.

Foxy selected me to be his master. He liked me



"HIS PORTRAIT."

first, and made me like him after. There was never such another dog as Foxy in existence.

But why such a long name to such a short little dog? you will ask. Confucius, you know, was a great Chinese philosopher. Confucius, you notice, is Foxy's family name. He belongs to the somewhat small family of philosophers. Foxy is his Christian name, and denotes his general sharp, knowing aspect. He really, for a dog, looks very much like a fox, as you can see by again referring to his portrait.

It was late, about 11 o'clock in the evening of a warm day in September, that, passing down a street I rarely visited, I was suddenly interrupted in my onward progress by something that would get between my feet. I could scarcely see it, for the night was dark. Something quite soft. It did not itself seem to be afraid of being hurt. I was afraid

of hurting it. In and out between my feet the creature went, until I reached a gas-light, where the cause of the trouble was fully revealed.

It was Foxy Confucius!

As I stopped, he got from under me, looked me full in the eye, as he stood directly in front of me, cocked up one ear, and wagged his tail.

I looked at him again. He cocked up his other ear. "It's all right, is n't it?" he seemed to say.

I struck at him with my cane. He did not budge, but merely put down his tail a little way, and looked at me from the corner of his eye.

"Oh, it's all right, of course," said I, then. "Come along, if you wish."

We went along the street once more. I stretched out my hand to him. Oh, how he did jump, almost twice his own length from the ground! We reached home. I had a night-key. "Foxy," or "Tramp," as I then called him, was soon installed in the bachelor apartment of the humble writer of this account of him.

I undressed and went to bed. Foxy did the same. No, not exactly that; he merely went to bed, curled himself up in a corner, giving me a parting wink as he turned over.

As I was obliged to introduce him next morning to my landlady, I thought up for him the name which heads this story, because he had shown signs of being a philosopher, and because he looked like a fox. "Tramp" did not sound well.

I regret to say that Foxy's reception was not calculated to warm his heart toward the landlady, and other ladies present in the breakfast-room.

"What a mean little mongrel cur," was the sole expression of admiration I could hear.

Foxy looked sad. His ears, his head, and his tail drooped. I felt that he could not enjoy the society into which I had introduced him. I got him upstairs, and gave him breakfast in my room,—two fine mutton chops on a clean newspaper.

Foxy soon finished his breakfast, and then regarded me with a questioning air, as much as to say, "What next?"

"Well, Foxy, I think we'll take a stroll in Washington Square. You may there see some other dogs, friends of yours, perhaps."

We went out. Foxy at first seemed very fearful I should run away from him, and kept his nose close to my heels all the time.

He gained courage, however, after some fifteen minutes, and commenced jumping up at my hat,

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which he almost reached with his little black muzzle, and I stand six feet high. There was life in the little fellow, as well as intelligence. I did not suppose a dog of his size and build could jump as



TAKING EXERCISE IN THE PARK.

he did. My walk lasted half an hour. He was scarcely two feet from me the whole time.

I went home again, and sat down to my work. Foxy went to sleep. Lunch-time came, and a slice of bread for Foxy. Then more work for me, more sleep for him. In the evening, after having given my dog his dinner (a very substantial one, too, for he had a whole plateful of chicken bones, and a large piece of meat), I bethought me of some lady friends I had promised to visit, and locking Foxy up, proceeded down-stairs. I had hardly reached the front door, when the most piteous canine shrieks rent the air. I turned back. A most vigorous scratching was going on at my room door, and just outside it, moreover, were gathered three elderly ladies, my neighbors, and all the children of the house.

"I beg your pardon," said I, "for this disturbance. I thought he'd be quiet; he's had his dinner."

"I must either take Foxy with me or kill him, I see," I muttered to myself.

"Come along, you rascal!" I said, opening the door.

With a sheepish air, after a short bark of joy, Foxy slunk down the stairs after me.

Well, he followed me from Washington Square down to South Ferry, jumped on the boat after me, and footed it, as I did, nearly to Clinton avenue, Brooklyn, where I made my call.

I apologized to my friends for the homely appearance my dog presented, and told them that it had been my intention to have his coat dyed, but I had not yet had the time.

The ladies expressed themselves glad to welcome any friend I might introduce.

Foxy, hearing them say this, gave me a look of silent gratitude, and then he curled himself up under my chair.

Another lady soon after appeared upon the scene, and desired an introduction to Foxy. I forthwith dragged him from his resting-place and introduced him to her. Whereupon, he made the most respectful salutation to her that I ever saw a dog perform. The third picture shows him in the act of paying his respects to beauty.

Foxy at length felt so much at home that he did not want to leave the house when I did. I was forced, indeed, to carry him out.

Again we footed it, all the way back home. I had thoughts of taking a car, but feared Foxy might get lost. I had now become very much attached to him.

We went to bed as usual that night, and next morning, not wishing my pet to be too great a burden to my landlady, and having risen earlier than usual, I took Foxy to a restaurant on Sixth Avenue, where we both had breakfast.

Coming home again, he manifested every token of the most extravagant affection, running between



"PAYING HIS RESPECTS TO BEAUTY."

my feet, constantly snuffing my heels, jumping up at my hat again and again. This continued until we had passed about four blocks. Then, suddenly, with a short, sharp bark and a parting jump, he

left me, running away rapidly around a corner of the street.

I have never seen Foxy since.

This is a perfectly true story, and I often sit wondering about that little dog. Why did he pick me out alone from all New York's inhabitants? Why did he love me so much? Why, when he found I would take care of him and treat him with respect, did he leave me?

I think I can answer the last question; he loved entire freedom better than he loved me. He liked to go sniffing around everywhere, examining every-

thing that came in his way. I had given him some hints that he must conduct himself in a gentlemanly manner when with me. I scolded him once or twice for stopping to investigate the contents of a garbage-box—just after the tremendous dinner he had obtained from me.

Foxy was used to taking care of himself, and was willing to do it always. He paid me a great compliment. I feel profound emotion when I think of it.

I wish, however, that I had him back. I have shown you his portrait. If you ever see him on his travels, will you please catch him for me?

THE COCHINEAL.

BY L. M. PETERSELIA.

THE little round spots which look like seeds, in the picture on this page, really represent small insects; and it is by means of this little insect, called the cochineal, that the scarlet color of Fannie's dress, Willie's stockings, and Mamma's necktie has been obtained.

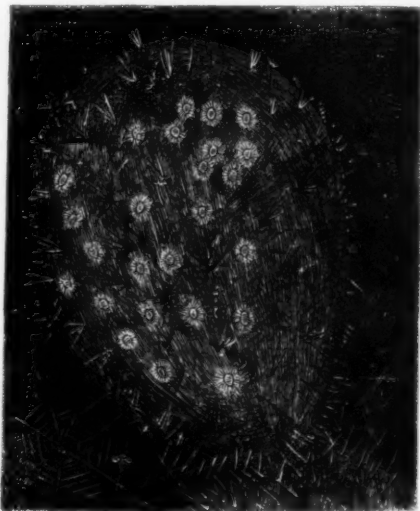
You may know that the deep blue of your dress and cloak was made with indigo, which comes from a plant; but next to indigo, the most important of all dyeing materials is the cochineal insect.

On the map you will find Oaxaca, pronounced O-ä-chä-ca, in the southern part of Mexico, on the Pacific coast. This is where most of the cochineal is cultivated. It comes to us in a reddish, shriveled, seed-like grain, covered with what looks like a white powder, but when we put it under the microscope we find this to be wool.

The Spaniards found the cochineal employed as a dye by the natives when they invaded Mexico, in 1519, about three hundred and sixty years ago, and for two hundred years the Europeans believed it to be a seed. Then they dissected it, and proved it to be an insect. If you soak it in water for some time, and put it under the microscope, you will see the feet, although its legs are very short.

It is the female insect only that is used as a dye. The male and female are so unlike that you would never suppose them to be of the same kind. The male has two large silvery wings, long antennæ, or feelers, that grow from the front of the head, quite long legs, and two long bristles from the lower end of the body. The female has a thick, plump body, short antennæ, short bristles, no wings, and legs so short that it cannot move far from where it is placed, and its hooked claws are only used

for holding on to the plant when it eats. The mother lives but a short time, and as the body dries up and becomes a horny case, the larvæ, which are born after the parent dies, are cradled in this empty dead shell of the mother.



THE COCHINEAL ON THE CACTUS.

The cochineal feeds upon a kind of Indian fig, or cactus, called "nopal"; the plants are set in rows and kept cut down to about four feet high. The plantations are called "nopalerias," or cactus gardens, and sometimes one garden has fifty or

sixty thousand nopals. The most prickly plants are selected as best, since these protect the cochineal from other insects that would do it harm. The natives plant on hill-slopes, or in ravines, six or ten miles from their villages. In the third year, the plants are in a condition to receive the insects.

Nopaleries are stocked yearly, by purchasing, in April or May, branches of a plant, laden with small cochineal insects, recently hatched. These branches (which may be bought in the market of Oaxaca for about sixty cents a hundred) are kept twenty days in their huts and then exposed to the air under a shed, where they continue to live for several months, as the live-forever, house-leek, and other juicy plants will live after they are broken from the parent stem.

In August or September, the mother insects are placed in nests made of a species of tillandsia, or black moss, called paxtle, and are distributed upon the nopals. In four months the first gathering is made, and the insects having increased twelve times, the yield is twelve times more than the number first set in the nests. In the colder parts of Mexico the "planting" (as the placing of the insects upon the nopal is called) takes place in October or December, and then it is necessary to cover the nopals with mats. About Oaxaca the cochineal insects are fed in the plains from October to April, at which time the rainy season or winter begins. Then they are carried away to nopaleries in the mountains, where the weather is more favorable.

Great care is necessary in the gathering of the cochineal from the nopals. This is performed by the Indian women, who brush off the insects one by one, with a squirrel's or stag's tail, upon cloths spread beneath the bushes. A gatherer often sits for hours together beside one plant.

Notwithstanding that it takes more than seventy

thousand of these minute insects to weigh a pound, it is said that eight hundred thousand pounds have been sent from Mexico to Europe in a single year, besides what went to the United States.

The insects are killed by throwing them into boiling water, by exposing them in heaps to the sun, by placing them in ovens, and by laying them upon heated plates of iron; this last is called torri-fying, and burns off the whitish powder which the other methods of killing preserve. These different methods make two kinds of cochineal in market, that having the white powder or wool, called silver cochineal, and that having the wool scorched off, called black cochineal.

It is from the black cochineal that the beautiful paint called "carmine" is made. The dried insect is steeped in water, and to the liquor thus obtained are added various chemicals. This mixture is allowed to settle, when the water is poured off. The remainder, when dried, is carmine, and the liquor is called "liquid rouge." By changing the chemical mixture in a certain way, the deposit becomes darker, and is known to the color-makers as "lake."

The best carmine can be made only in fine weather; if it be too hot, the liquid spoils. Both sun and fire change the color and spoil it; flies also injure it, and if it has not been thoroughly dried it becomes moldy.

Rouge for the face is made by mixing a little carmine with French chalk. The pink saucers of the shops are made up with carmine, gum, and ammonia. Carmine is used in water-colors for painting the pale roses and pinks, while lake is used for the darker red flowers. Cochineal is sometimes used for coloring pickled cabbage; while a coloring for jellies, creams, etc., is prepared by adding cream of tartar to the liquor of cochineal.



THE CACTUS PLANT.

CROSS PATCH.

BY M. E. WILKINS.



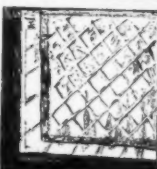
"Cross Patch, draw the latch,
Sit by the fire and spin;
Take a cup, and drink it up,
Then call the neighbors in."

"I care not for your idle threats,
Go, get ye to the town!
I'd brew more tea and spin more flax,
Before the sun goes down."



Fast flew around the humming wheel;
The steaming kettle hung
Above the old wife's snapping fire,
And merrily it sung.

The frost, the diamond window-panes
Had trimmed with frozen leaves;
The shining icicles hung low
Beneath the cottage eaves.



The sour old wife, she spun her flax,
All puckered in a frown;
There came a rattling at the latch,
Two goodies from the town:

The north wind howled around the house,
The kettle sang so gay;
The old wife, at her humming wheel,
Spun out the close of day.



"Pray let us in, O neighbor dear!"
All swiftly scuttled she,
And snatched the kettle from the hob
And poured a cup of tea.

There came a rattling at the latch,
The old wife 'gan to frown:
"Beshrew them! have they come again,
The goodies from the town?"



She gulped it down: "And now come in,
If so ye do desire,"
The cross old wife sat down again,
And spun beside her fire.

She breathed upon the window-pane,
And out she peered, to see:
"And, surely, if they're come again,
I'll go and drink the tea."



"Now, fie upon you, cross old wife,
To treat your neighbors so!
Our poor old bones are stiff with cold,
The tea had made them glow.

The northern blast yelled 'round the house;
Two boys, with bleeding feet,
Stood, trembling, in the stinging snow,
And plead with voices sweet:



"But keep your tea, you cross old wife,
And soon the day shall come,
You can not make your kettle sing,
Nor get your wheel to hum."

"Pray, let us in, O mother dear!
We're dying wi' the cold;
Please let us in, O mother dear!"
The old wife 'gan to scold:





"My fire was not for beggars built.
Go, leave my door, I say!"
They meekly dropped their pretty heads,
And sadly turned away.

She turned herself, the fire burned bright,
The kettle o'er it hung,
"Ah, woe is me!" the old wife cried,
For it no longer sung.



"Now, what is this?" the old wife said,
"For, everywhere they go,
Spring up, around their bleeding feet,
Red roses through the snow.

She heaped dry branches on the fire,
The flames began to roar,
"Now I'm undone!" the old wife cried,
"The kettle sings no more."



"And all the snow before my door
Is crimson, where they stood;
And there has sprung a little rose
From every drop of blood!

She turned her to her spinning-wheel,
And tried her flax to spin,
But every time she touched the threads,
She snarled them out and in.



"And what is this?" the old wife cried;
"For, everywhere they pass,
Gold crocus-buds pierce thro' the snow,
And spears of summer grass.

In vain she tried to twirl the wheel;
Quoth she, "My day has come;
My kettle will no longer sing,
My wheel no longer hum."



"Ah, woe is me! Now they are gone,
I fear I've worked me ill;
I fear these were two angel-folk,
From off the Holy Hill."

Hard, in the frosty morning, stared
The neighbors passing by,
For, from the old wife's chimney, curled
No smoke against the sky.



KARL'S APRIL FIRST.

BY JENNY MARSH PARKER.



HE two aunts called him "Little Karl." That was one of his troubles, for his name was Charles Christopher Dimmock, Jr., and did n't everybody in the country know that Charles Christopher Dimmock, Sr., was the famous Greek professor of the University of X—?

The college lads called him "Pericles." That was another trouble. He had hoped they would not, when his long, fair curls were clipped short, and his kilts exchanged for trousers; but it had made no difference. "Halloo, Pericles," they shouted, just the same, and then they would add, "Don't you want to buy a dog?"

His father, very wise in everything else, would never consent to his having a dog. This was another of Karl's troubles; but how the college boys got hold of it he could not tell. It was a comfort to hope that some day his troubles would all be over, and he be another Doctor Dimmock in a famous college, wearing gold spectacles, and hearing Greek recitations; lecturing on Grecian art and philosophy, and settling everything by a wise shake of the head and saying:

"Yes, yes; certainly, yes," or,

"No, no; certainly not."

Until that epoch, he would have trouble. One of the very first things he would have when he should reach that happy future would be a dog, and that dog should be treated "like folks," like one of the family. He would ask for no better companion than his good dog.

March 31st, only the other day, found Karl slightly cast down under another anxiety.

The morrow was All Fools' Day. The boys would be full of pranks. Think hard as ever he could—and the wise little face grew very serious—he could not devise a new trick,—something surprising in the way of fun. He scorned the old worn-out fooleries—cotton-batting pancakes, stuffed eggs, bricks under hats, false messages, and cheap surprises. If he could only get up something original, it would not matter who might be the subject of his jest. Why, a boy had called him "Dominie

Dump" the other day! That was worse than Pericles.

Karl had come home from school and gone to his usual retreat for study, the deep bay-window of his father's library. It was his favorite nook; the heavy curtains shutting him out from the rest of the world. His books were there, and his writing-desk. He had often seen his father turn to the big encyclopedias when wanting to know something very much, so he had carried one of those weighty volumes to the bay-window, and a concordance and dictionary besides. But they failed to help him concerning April Fools' Day, and he was reading "Oliver Twist," forgetful of times and seasons, when the doctor came in, his arms full of books and papers.

"Glad to find ourselves all alone," he possibly said to the owl over the door, when, having put on his dressing-gown and slippers, he drew his big chair before the blazing grate, and began cutting the leaves of the new book he was longing to enjoy—"Logical Variations in New Analytics," or something of the kind. He had, perhaps, read two pages, when a sharp ring at the door-bell made him wish that he lived on Pitcairn Island,—at least he grumbled such a wish, and then smiled when Professor Greenaway, cheery and hurried as usual, bustled into the room, and began talking rapidly about microscopes and specimens, and some late discoveries; nothing which Karl might not hear.

Professor Greenaway was a hero of Karl's—his favorite of all the professors. He had a beautiful brown spaniel, and a Newfoundland, and a brace of setters, and so he understood one of Karl's troubles as no one else did or could. As long as the talk was about "Zygnema," or "Ephialtes," and such trifles, Karl thought he might remain concealed behind his curtains.

He was soon lost in his story again.

"Planning something for to-morrow, are they?" he heard his father say, at last. "Well, we must see nothing that we can avoid seeing."

The professor assented, and they fell into a low, cozy chat,—story-telling of their boyhood. "Oliver Twist" and "Chris. Dimmock" were getting strangely confused with Karl. The doctor was telling in his slow, dreamy way—the professor's laugh often interrupting him—of a First of April when he was a boy.

"You see,"—and Karl was listening,—"my father was an old-school gentleman, one of an order now

almost extinct; a stern, dignified parson, who never jested, seldom smiled, and looked upon all merry-making as sinful. How I ever dared to play a prank upon him amazes me still. I am sure my boy would not venture such a thing with me, and I, you know, am not very severe with Karl."

"Save in the dog matter, Doctor; you don't yield there, as I perceive."

"No, no; certainly not."

"Perhaps you don't know your boy yet. I doubt if your father knew you before you amazed him."

"I had a bad shilling, you see," resumed the doctor, "and I meant it should bring me great sport on All Fools' Day. My big brother dared me to give it to my father for safe keeping, and then to ask him for it at night, get a good one, of course, and quietly enjoy the trick. He not only dared me, but bet two shillings I should not succeed. As my father was going out that April Fools' Day morning to visit his poor,—there was great suffering among the fishermen's families,—I sidled up to him with a sheepish air, and asked him to please keep my shilling for me until night. He slipped it into his purse with due gravity, and walked away, leaving me to ask some hard questions of Chris. Dimmock. Before noon I tried to keep up my courage on peppermint drops, bought on credit, for all my brother declared I should be the fool of the day in the end, and he should laugh at my cost. I went home at night to draw the good shilling, but found my father in an excited state of mind, his study quite a court-room, in fact. You see, counterfeit money had been circulating in the village, and the authorities were trying to trace it. Suspicion had rested upon a well-known personage called Billy the Smuggler. He had passed a bad shilling at last, and had been arrested. His story was that the parson gave the same to his sick wife that morning. This the parson denied stoutly, and things looked very bad for Billy when I came in.

"It was my shilling, Father," I at last found courage to say. "Don't you remember I gave you one to keep for me this morning?"

"I might have got off, even then, had not Smuggling Billy, overjoyed at his own release, forgotten himself so far as to say, 'April Fool on the parson, I vow!' The end of that was a flogging for me, and my going to bed without my supper. My brother consoled me by whispering that I had won the bet, and Smuggling Billy sent me a little ship not long after. But I always thought that story had a bad ending. It did not come out right for the hero, you see. I never saw any fun in it until years after; but it was worth something to hear Smuggling Billy tell it, showing how my teeth chattered, and my knees shook, when he called out: 'April Fool on the parson, I vow!'"

"Did you ever tell Karl that story?" asked the professor.

"No, no; certainly not," and the doctor laughed and rubbed his hands. "Karl is a different kind of boy, you see."

Little Karl went up to his room presently, and brought out his collection of advertising cards. He knew what he was after. There it was, the neuralgia medal. Did n't it look just like a silver quarter? Ah! Could he but get that into his father's pocket, that would be a celebration of April First worth having. "Karl is a different kind of boy, you see."

He talked little that evening, as he sat by his father before the library fire, and read less, but he thought a great deal. How simple it seemed to pass a medal from his pocket to his father's! But, under the circumstances, it was, in fact, more difficult than sending a car-load of specie from Washington to San Francisco. A fairy could have done it beautifully; he dreamed out that plan, and saw her throw her ladders against pantaloons and waistcoat, and, with the aid of a host of elves, finally drop the coin into the black cavern. But that would be the fairy's jest—not his. He thought of magicians and pickpockets, and how handy the Artful Dodger would be in such a dilemma.

The doctor was not unmindful of his little boy's meditation. "Karl is a very intellectual child," thought he, glancing at him over his spectacles,—reminded of Watts and the tea-kettle, of course. "Who knows what is growing in that boy's brain?"

Kitty, the housemaid, planned the success at last.

There was always what she called "a flurry-blurry" in the doctor's hall every week-day morning, caused by his getting off to college in season, and Karl's starting for school. That morning, April 1st, the confusion was increased by the doctor's inability to find his umbrella at the last moment, when the car was coming. Other things were suffered to make the probability of his getting to college prayers rather uncertain. He was hurrying down the steps, Karl behind him, when Kitty called after them:

"Master Karl! Master Karl! See what you have dropped," and she tossed the medal after him.

"In luck, for once!" returned Karl. "Please, Papa,"—impatiently, for the car was stopping for them,—"keep it for me," and he fairly thrust it into the doctor's hand.

Professor Greenaway was in the car, and so were several students. In many cities, you know, the horse-cars have no conductors. The passengers drop their fares into a money-box, or make change with the driver. The doctor, lacking a dime,

passed up his medal for change, then opened his book, and was lost to all around him.

"Heard the news this morning?" asks Professor Greenaway, close to the doctor's ear.

"No; anything important?"

"April First. Don't forget the students and Billy the Smuggler."

"No, no; certainly not;" without lifting his eyes from his book.

But why had the driver stopped the car? Jerking open the door, he stood looking at the passengers with an angry scowl.

"Who give this yere?" holding up the medal. Karl's face was a picture, but nobody saw it. "It's the last fare in," and he looked hard at the doctor—the only one in the car who did not hear. The college boys were in high glee.

"He means you, Doctor," said Professor Greenaway. "It's the bad shilling. Can you explain?" A bewildered smile crept over the doctor's face.

"I did n't think that of you, Greenaway," and really the doctor looked severe.

"Here, pass up this for me," handing him a quarter.

"You misunderstand, if you think ——" began the professor; but the driver had the floor.

"Yer can't pass yer quack medals onter me, if 't is April Fools' Day. Who's got it this time, I'd like to know?" with a wink at the students.

The doctor muttered something to Professor Greenaway, who had turned his attention to Karl. The boy was wonderfully absorbed in looking out of the window.

"There, Karl, my boy," said the doctor, dropping the medal into his satchel, "I'll give that to you. How it got into my pocket, I don't see," with a suspicious glance at Professor Greenaway.

"Please don't forget, Papa, what I gave you when I got into the car," said Karl, getting up and pulling the check-strap.

His eyes twinkled, and a musical laugh rippled in. "I want to buy a dog, you know, and I've heard of one for a quarter."

Before the doctor realized the situation, the boy was gone. But Professor Greenaway made him understand how things stood.

"This 'Karl is a different kind of boy, you see,'" said he.

"Now, my dear Doctor," said the professor, as they crossed the campus together, "you must let me see that this story has a happy ending—that the hero gets his deserts."

"Yes, yes; certainly, yes."

"I shall send him a dog, to-night—a puppy. Let us name him Billy, in commemoration of to-day—and of that other First of April."

"Just fifty-five years ago to-day. Yes, send up

the dog. I shall make his reception all it ought to be."

That night, when the doctor and Karl—as alike as two peas—one fully ripe for seed, the other green in the pod—sat reading before the study fire, Katie brought in a covered basket.

"Here is something for Master Karl."

He looked contemptuously at the basket.

"They can't fool me. Take it back."

"Professor Greenaway sent it, with his card."

Two or three sharp, yelping barks from the basket, and Karl was beside himself with joy. A puppy—the prettiest, softest, sleekest, whitest, little puppy you ever saw—only one spot of black, and that over its left eye! It bore a card on which was printed: "*Canis familiaris*. Found from Maine to Florida, where there is anything to eat. This specimen is quite harmless. April 1st, 1881."

"And we'll call him Billy," said the good doctor, gazing upon the new pet with unfeigned admiration. "What a droll little fellow he is!"

"And you won't let my aunts send him away?" pleadingly. "No matter what they may say about him?"

"No, no; certainly not. Billy shall stay, come what may."

* * * * *

"Why, do you know, Christopher," asked Aunt Helen, throwing up her hands like a tragedy-queen, "that Professor Greenaway has sent you a little bull-dog, or what Jerry calls a 'regular game bull-pup'?"

"No, I don't know that," returned the doctor, placidly, cutting the leaves of his *Nineteenth Century* rather nervously, nevertheless.

"Well, he has; and Karl talks of having its ears and tail cut, sporting style. You surely will not allow that, with all your concessions?"

The doctor said no, *decidedly* not, and when Karl came back from the stable, where he had settled with Jerry the coachman to have Billy improved at once, he was grieved and disappointed, for his father stood firm. Billy's ears and tail should be all that the Bergh society would have them to be.

"Bill Sykes is a pretty name for Doctor Dimmock's dog, I'm sure!" exclaimed Aunt Helen. "And that is what the college boys will name him, of course. I think Professor Greenaway ——"

"We won't forget Professor Greenaway," broke in the doctor, with a low, triumphant laugh. "He shall hear from us next year."

But Karl was looking dolefully at Billy's silky ears. It was the old story, you see. He had lost an old trouble to make room for a new one; and that is the way the world goes, if we are foolish enough to let it, from one April to another.

WHO TOLD MOTHER?

BY MARY C. BARTLETT.

WEE Nellie, silent, stood upon a chair,
Before the glass, and clipped her shining hair,
Making of each bright curl a shower of gold.
(Do you suppose some little birdie told?)

And then, with eyes of deepest, darkest blue,
That glistened soft, like violets wet with dew,
The naughty little girl quick tribute paid
To the sad havoc which her hands had made.

Saying, while fast the pearly tear-drops fell,
"I know my mother 'll cry,—I must n't tell."
And, swiftly gath'ring up each severed tress,
She threw it, with a sorrowful caress,
Behind the door. "Now, door, please stay
just so,
And hide them all,—so Mother 'll never know."

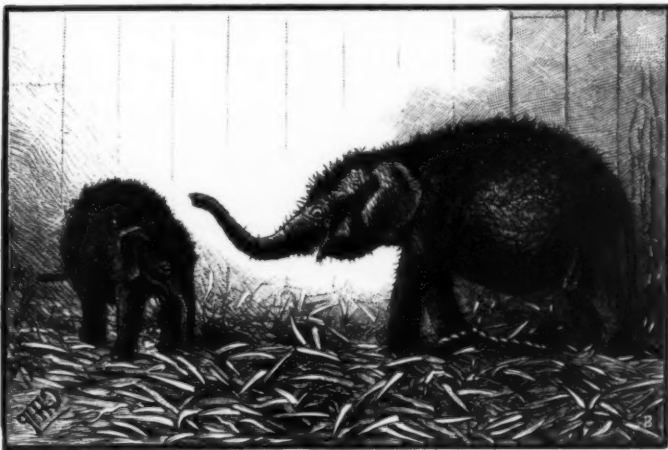
But soon she heard a footstep on the stair,
Then a sweet voice,—“My Nellie, are you
there?”

Why is my little chatterbox so still?
Some mischief, I'm afraid. What! Is she ill?
What is it? Is my baby tired of play?
Come! Let us chase those vexing tears away.
Where is the pain, my darling? Tell me
where.

*Your head! Why, Nellie, child! Where is
your hair?*

The sobbing child her poor head buried low
In Mother's pitying lap,—and so,—and so,—
It must have been the creaking door that told
Where Nellie hid her shining curls of gold.

THE LITTLE WOOLLY ELEPHANTS.



THESE queer little elephants, which were found among the mountains of the Malay peninsula, are the first ever exhibited, either in this country or in Europe. They were captured by a rajah on one of his hunts, and were brought to this country in the vessel "Oxfordshire" by Captain C. P. Jones.

They are aged respectively six and a half and four and a half years. Prince, the elder, is thirty-six inches in height, and Sydney, the younger,

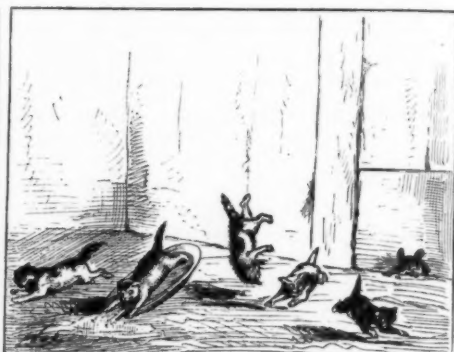
thirty inches, which is six inches smaller than the baby elephant born in Philadelphia last spring. They are called woolly elephants, because they are covered with very coarse hair, which has a tendency to curl. This heavy growth of hair is accounted for by the fact that they live far up in the mountains, in a cold climate. They are affectionate little creatures, and are quite willing to make friends with the people who visit them.

DISGRACED.

BY S. B. RICORD.



A HIGHLY respectable cat
In the midst of her family sat,
And she said to them all:
"Even while you are small,
Don't ever be scared by a rat!"—



BUT THEY WERE!

THE COOPER AND THE WOLVES.

BY HJALMAR H. BOYSEN.

TOLLEF KOLSTAD was a cooper, and a very skillful cooper he was said to be. He had a little son named Thor, who was as fond of his father as his father was of him. Whatever Tollef did or said, Thor was sure to imitate; if Tollef was angry and flung a piece of wood at the dog who used to come into the shop and bother him, Thor, thinking it was a manly thing to do, flung another piece at poor Hector, who ran out whimpering through the door.

Thor, of course, was not very old before he had a corner in his father's shop, where, with a small set of tools which had been especially made for him, he used to make little pails and buckets and barrels, which he sold for five or ten cents apiece, to the boys of the neighborhood. All the money earned in this way he put into a bank of tin, made like a drum, of which his mother kept the key. When he grew up, he thought, he would be a rich man.

The last weeks before Christmas are, in Norway, always the briskest season in all trades; then the farmer wants his horses shod, so that he may take his wife and children to church in his fine, swan-

shaped sleigh; he wants bread and cakes made to last through the holidays, so that his servants may be able to amuse themselves and his guests may be well entertained when they call; and, above all, he wants large tubs and barrels, stoutly made of beech staves, for his beer and mead, with which he pledges every stranger who, during the festival, happens to pass his door. You may imagine, then, that at Christmas time coopers are much in demand, and that it is not to be wondered at if sometimes they are behindhand with their orders. This was unfortunately the case with Tollef Kolstad at the time when the strange thing happened which I am about to tell you. He had been at work since the early dawn, upon a huge tub or barrel, which had been ordered by Grim Berglund, the richest peasant in the parish. Grim was to give a large party on the following day (which was Christmas eve), and he had made Tollef promise to bring the barrel that same night, so that he might pour the beer into it, and have all in readiness for the holidays, when it would be wrong to do any work. It was about ten o'clock at night when Tollef made

the last stroke with his hatchet on the large hollow thing, upon which every blow resounded as on a drum. He went to a neighbor and hired from him his horse and flat sleigh, and was about to start on his errand, when he heard a tiny voice calling behind him:

"Father, do take me along, too!"

"I can't, my boy. There may be wolves on the lake, to-night, and they might like to eat up little boys who stay out of bed so late."

"But I am not afraid of them, Father. I have my whip and my hatchet, and I'll whip them and cut them."

Thor here made some threatening flourishes with his weapons in the air, indicating how he would give it to the wolves in case they should venture to approach him.

"Well, come along, you little rascal," said his father, laughing, and feeling rather proud of his boy's dauntless spirit. "You and I are not to be trifled with when we are angered, are we, Thor?"

"No, indeed, Father," said Thor, and clenched his little mittened fist.

Tollef then lifted him up, wrapped him warmly in his sheep-skin jacket, and put him between his knees, while he himself seized the reins and urged the horse on.

It was a glorious winter night. The snow sparkled and shone as if sprinkled with starry diamonds, the aurora borealis flashed in pale, shifting colors along the horizon, and the moon sailed calmly through a vast, dark-blue sea of air. Little Thor shouted with delight as he saw the broad expanse of glittering ice, which they were about to cross, stretching out before them like a polished shield of steel.

"Oh, Father, I wish we had taken our skates along, and pulled your barrel across on a sled," cried the boy, ecstatically.

"That I might have done, if I had had a sled large enough for the barrel," replied the father. "But then we should have been obliged to pull it up the hills on the other side."

The sleigh now struck the ice and shot forward, swinging from side to side, as the horse pulled a little unevenly. Whew! how the cold air cut in their faces. How it whizzed and howled in the tree-tops! Hark! What was that? Tollef instinctively pressed his boy more closely to him. Hush!—his heart stood still, while that of the boy, who merely felt the reflex shock of his father's agitation, hammered away the more rapidly. A terrible, long-drawn howl, as from a chorus of wild, far-away voices, came floating away over the crowns of the pine-trees.

"What was that, Father?" asked Thor, a little tremulously.

"It was wolves, my child," said Tollef, calmly.

"Are you afraid, Father?" asked the boy again.

"No, child, I am not afraid of one wolf, nor of ten wolves; but if they are in a flock of twenty or thirty, they are dangerous. And if they scent our track, as probably they will, they will be on us in five minutes."

"How will they scent our track, Father?"

"They smell us in the wind; and the wind is from us and to them, and then they howl to notify their comrades, so that they may attack us in sufficient force."

"Why don't we return home, then?" inquired the boy, still with a tolerably steady voice, but with sinking courage.

"They are behind us. Our only chance is to reach the shore before they overtake us."

The horse, sniffing the presence of wild beasts, snorted wildly as it ran, but, electrified, as it were, with the sense of danger, strained every nerve in its efforts to reach the farther shore. The howls now came nearer and nearer, and they rose with a frightful distinctness in the clear, wintry air, and resounded again from the border of the forest.

"Why don't you throw away the barrel, Father?" said Thor, who, for his father's sake, strove hard to keep brave. "Then the sleigh will run so much the faster."

"If we are overtaken, our safety is in the barrel. Fortunately, it is large enough for two, and it has no ears and will fit close to the ice."

Tollef was still calm; but, with his one disengaged arm, hugged his little son convulsively.

"Now, keep brave, my boy," he whispered in his ear. "They will soon be upon us. Give me your whip."

It just occurred to Tollef that he had heard that wolves were very suspicious, and that men had often escaped them by dragging some small object on the ground behind them. He, therefore, broke a chip from one of the hoops of the barrel, and tied it to the lash of the whip; just then he heard a short, hungry bark behind him, and, turning his head, saw a pack of wolves, numbering more than a dozen, the foremost of which was within a few yards of the sleigh. He saw the red, frothy tongue hanging out of its mouth, and he smelt that penetrating, wild smell with which every one is familiar who has met a wild beast in its native haunts. While encouraging the reeking, foam-flecked horse, Tollef, who had only half faith in the experiment with the whip, watched anxiously the leader of the wolves, and observed to his astonishment that it seemed to be getting no nearer. One moment it seemed to be gaining upon them, but invariably, as soon as it reached the little chip which was dragging along the ice, this suddenly

arrested its attention and immediately its speed slackened. The cooper's hope began to revive, and he thought that perhaps there was yet a possibility that they might see the morrow's sun. But his courage again began to ebb when he discovered in the distance a second pack of wolves, larger than the first, and which, with terrific speed, came running, leaping, and whirling toward them from another direction. And while this terrible discovery was breaking through his almost callous sense,

his speed in a race for life. Some of the wolves were apparently pursuing him, while the greater number remained to investigate the contents of the barrel. The howling and barking of these furious creatures without was now incessant. Within the barrel was pitch darkness.

"Now, keep steady!" said Tollef, feeling a sudden shock, as if a wolf had leaped against their improvised house with a view to upsetting it. He felt himself and the boy gliding a foot or two over



"THE WOLVES IMMEDIATELY STARTED IN PURSUIT."

he forgot, for an instant, the whip, the lash of which swung under the runners of the sleigh and snapped. The horse, too, was showing signs of exhaustion, and Tollef, seeing that only one chance was left, rose up with his boy in his arms, and upsetting the barrel on a great ledge of ice, concealed himself and the child under it. Hardly had he had time to brace himself against its sides, pressing his feet against one side and his back against the other, when he heard the horse giving a wild scream, while the short, whining bark of the wolves told him that the poor beast was selling its life dearly. Then there was a desperate scratching and scraping of horseshoes, and all of a sudden the sound of galloping hoof-beats on the ice, growing fainter and fainter. The horse had evidently succeeded in breaking away from the sleigh, and was testing

the smooth ice, but there was no further result from the attack. A minute passed; again there came a shock, and a stronger one than the first. A long, terrible howl followed this second failure. The little boy, clutching his small cooper's hatchet in one hand, sat pale but determined in the dark, while with the other he clung to his father's arm.

"Oh, Father!" he cried, in terror, "I feel something on my back."

The father quickly struck a light, for he fortunately had a supply of matches in his pocket, and saw a wolf's paw wedged in between the ice and the rim of the barrel; and in the same instant he tore the hatchet from his son's hand and buried its edge in the ice. Then he handed the amputated paw to Thor, and said:

"Put that into your wallet, and the sheriff will

pay you a reward for it.* For a wolf without paws could n't do much harm."

While he was yet speaking, a third assault upon the barrel lifted one side of it from the ice, and almost upset it. Instead of pushing against the part nearest the ice, a wolf more cunning than the rest had leaped against the upturned bottom.

You can imagine what a terrible night father and son spent together in this constant struggle with the voracious beasts, that never grew weary of attacking their hiding-place. The father was less warmly clad than the son, and, moreover, was obliged to sit on the ice, while Thor could stand erect without knocking against the bottom of the barrel; and if it had not been for the excitement of the situation, which made Tollef's blood course with unwonted rapidity, it is more than probable that the intense cold would have made him drowsy, and thus lessened his power of resistance. The warmth of his body had made a slight cavity where he was sitting, and whenever he remained a moment still, his trousers froze fast to the ice. It was only the presence of his boy that inspired him with fresh courage whenever hope seemed about to desert him.

About an hour after the flight of the horse, when five or six wolves' paws had been cut off in the same manner as the first, there was a lull in the attack, but a sudden increase of the howling, whining, yelping, and barking noise without. Tollef concluded that the wolves, maddened by the smell of blood, were attacking their wounded fellows; and as their howls seemed to come from a short distance, he cautiously lifted one side of the barrel and peered forth; but in the same instant a snarling bark rang right in his ear, and two paws were thrust into the opening. Then came a howl of pain, and another paw was put into Thor's wallet.

But hark! What is that? It sounds like a song, or more like a hymn. The strain comes nearer and nearer, resounding from mountain to mountain, floating peacefully through the pure and still air:

"Who knows how near I am mine ending:
So quickly time doth pass away."

Tollef, in whose breast hope again was reviving, put his ear to the ice, and heard distinctly the tread of a horse and of many human feet. He listened for a minute or more, but could not discover whether the sound was coming any nearer. It occurred to him that in all probability the people, being unarmed, would have no desire to cope with a large pack of wolves, especially as to them there could be no object in it. If they saw the barrel, how could they know that there was anybody under it? He comprehended instantly that his only chance of life was in joining those people,

before they were too far away. And, quickly resolved, he lifted the boy on his left arm, and grasped the hatchet in his disengaged hand. Then, with a violent thrust, he flung the barrel from over him, and ran in the direction of the sound. The wolves, as he had inferred, were lacerating their bleeding comrades; but the moment they saw him, a pack of about a dozen immediately started in pursuit. They leaped up against him on all sides, while he struck furiously about him with his small weapon. Fortunately, he had sharp steel pegs on his boots, and kept his footing well; otherwise the combat would have been a short one. His voice, too, was powerful, and his shouts rose high above the howling of the beasts. He soon perceived that he had been observed, and he saw in the bright moonlight six or eight men running toward him. Just then, as perhaps in his joy his vigilance was for a fraction of a second relaxed, he felt a pull in the fleshy part of his right arm. He was not conscious of any sharp pain, and was astonished to see the blood flowing from an ugly wound. But he only held his boy the more tightly, while he fought and ran with the strength of despair.

Now, the men were near. He could hear their voices. But his brain was dizzy, and he saw but dimly.

"Hello, friend; don't crack my skull for my pains!" some one was shouting close to his ear, and he let his hatchet fall, and fell himself, too, prostrate on the ice.

The wolves, at the sight of the men, had retired to a safe distance, from which they watched the proceedings, as if uncertain whether to return.

As soon as Tollef had recovered somewhat from his exhaustion and his loss of blood, he and his boy were placed upon a sleigh, and his wound was carefully bandaged. He now learned that his rescuers were on their way to a funeral, which was to take place on the next day, but, on account of the distance to the church, they had been obliged to start during the night. Hence their solemn mood, and their singing of funeral hymns.

After an hour's ride they reached the cooper's cottage, and were invited to rest and to share such hospitality as the house could offer. But when they were gone, Tollef clasped his sleeping boy in his arms and said to his wife: "If it had not been for him, you would have had no husband to-day. It was his little whip and toy hatchet that saved our lives."

Eleven wolves' paws were found in Thor's wallet, and, on Christmas eve, he went to the sheriff with them and received a reward which nearly burst his old savings-bank, and compelled his mother to buy a new one.

*The sheriffs in Norway are by law required to pay, in behalf of the State, certain premiums for the killing of bears, wolves, foxes, and eagles.



EASTER CARD.—DRAWN BY ADDIE LEDYARD.

CROOKED SPECTACLES.

BY SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT.

AN elf lived in a buttercup,
 And, waking after dawn,
 He donned his golden spectacles,
 And stepped out on the lawn.
 "Dear me," said he,
 "I scarce can see,
 The sunbeams shine so crookedly!"

He met a merry bumble-bee
 Within the clover gay,
 Who buzzed "Good-morning!" in his ear,—
 "It is a pleasant day."
 "Don't speak to me,
 Sir Bumble-bee,
 Until you trim your wings!" cried he.

He met a gallant grasshopper,
 And thus accosted him:
 "Why don't you wear your green coat straight,
 And look in better trim?
 It frets me quite,
 In such a plight,
 To have you field-folk in my sight."

He saw an airy dragon-fly
 Float o'er the meadow-rail:
 "Pray stop, Sir Dragon-fly!" he cried;
 "So upside down you sail,
 The sight will make
 My poor head ache;
 Fly straight, or rest within the brake."

Then a wise owl, upon the tree,
 Blinked his great, staring eye:
 "To folk in crooked spectacles
 The whole world looks awry.
 To-whit! to-who!
 To-who!" said he,
 "Many such folk I've lived to see."

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

MARY STUART, the granddaughter of Margaret Tudor, Henry VIII.'s sister, has played a far greater part in history than her innocent cousin, Jane Grey, whose story I have already told you.*

However small your knowledge of English history may be, there is not, perhaps, one of you boys and girls of America who has not heard at least the name of Mary, Queen of Scots, though it is now nearly three hundred years since she died. She was the only child of James V., of Scotland, and his wife, Mary of Guise.

English history after this period deals much with the Stuarts. They had reigned in Scotland for many generations; a race full of chivalrous qualities, noble, and gentle, and graceful, but always more or less unfortunate. Some of the Jameses had struggled with all their might among their rude and fierce and powerful nobility, for the good of the people, of whom the king was the natural defender. Perhaps this will be to you a new view of a king's duties, but in those days it was a true one. Then, the king and the people were the two who stood by each other, while the great lords and barons were the opponents of both; fighting hard to get more and more power into their own hands, to cut off the privileges of the people and the power of the king.

The Stuarts were kind and gracious, and people loved them always, even when they did badly, both for themselves and the kingdom; for you know there are people whom we cannot help loving, even when we disapprove of them. The Stuarts were of this class; down to the very last of them—Prince Charlie, as we call him in Scotland, the Pretender, as you see him named in your history-books—they have all drawn with them, often to destruction, numbers of people who did not like many of their acts nor approve of their policy, but who loved them. Mary's grandfather, James IV., was called, Sir Walter Scott tells us in the "Lady of the Lake,"—of which this romantic, gallant knight and monarch is the hero,—“the Commons' king”; that is, the king of the common people, their champion, and their friend and favorite. It was he who married Margaret Tudor, who brought the hot, rough, imperious strain of the Tudor blood into the gentler, sweeter nature of the Stuarts; and his son, James V., married Mary of Guise, and brought the dispositions of another race, the wily, and ambitious, and quick-witted house of Lorraine, to be an inheritance of trouble to her

daughter. Little Mary Stuart, you see, had a most dangerous union of races against her before ever she was born.

And nothing could be sadder than the circumstances in which she was born. Her father died a few days after her birth, disappointed and discouraged and heart-broken. It is said that when he heard of his little daughter's birth, he cried, as he lay dying, that the crown of Scotland had “come with a lass, and would gang with a lass.”

No wonder that he trembled for his child. There was not in Europe a fiercer race of nobles than those who were now left without any one to hold them in check, tearing our poor country of Scotland in pieces among them. And though there was then rising up a force which was strong enough eventually to make head against the nobles,—the force of religion and of the people, whom the new movement of the Reformation roused everywhere,—yet that force was never to be friendly to the young princess, who was brought up a Roman Catholic.

Mary was born in Linlithgow, on the 7th of December, 1542, and in September of the next year she was crowned, the poor baby, about nine months old. Imagine what a curious scene it must have been. The father had made no arrangements for her, and appointed no guardians, for he was a young man when he died, and, no doubt, expected to live long and bring up his child in his own way, and her mother was a young foreign princess, a stranger in that rough, rude country, and not popular among the people. The child was crowned, not for her own sake, as you may suppose, but in order that contending statesmen might exercise power in her name. She was born in a stately old palace, which even to-day stands up with all its strong walls and towers still perfect, though the roof has been suffered to fall into decay, and nobody now lives in the empty rooms, which were beautiful rooms in their day, and still might be fine, and fit for a queen to live in, were they put in order. But though the old palace is now the center of a rich and peaceful country, green and blooming like any garden, there were wild doings then, even in the Lothians, and by and by the child-queen was carried to Stirling Castle, to be kept in greater security. Then, as the fighting and struggles continued, she was taken to a convent of Augustinian nuns on the secluded and beautiful little island of Inchmahome. I wish that I could show you that lovely little place, or at least a

* ST. NICHOLAS for March, 1881.

picture of it. The island lies in the midst of the lake of Monteith, not far from Stirling and the Highlands, but amid the softest scenery—a little green island still covered with fruit-trees, which have run wild, and bits of ruined buildings; a corner of the convent there, a bit of chapel here, with gray arches open to the blue sky; and all the place clothed with old green turf, like velvet, as if nature had made it smooth for the feet of the little princess and the little maids-of-honor, five or six years old the biggest of them; with stately ladies of the court to take care of them, and the sweet-faced nuns in their white gowns looking on. There is a little corner still fenced round with box-wood, which is called Queen Mary's garden. Many of you may have the same box-edging in your little gardens—at least, it is very common in England; and, in her little corner, Mary may have dugged around the roots and smiled to see the northern flowers come up and blossom.

Poor little queen, but five years old, with all her little Marias about her! Perhaps she never was as happy or as peaceful after. Inchmahome is a Gaelic word, which means the "home of peace."

After this she was sent to France, to be out of harm's way, and also because she was betrothed to the Dauphin, which, you know, was the title borne by the heir to the French throne, just as the heir of England is called the Prince of Wales.

The French court was then about the most splendid place in the world,—more gay, more grand, more stately and beautiful than any other. Mary received what we should call the very best education there. When her young cousin, Jane Grey, was being tortured in the Tower, and dying serenely, as I have tried to describe to you, Mary was growing up in France, learning everything that girls were permitted to learn; and that was saying a great deal, for Lady Jane, you remember, read Greek for her own amusement, and took great pleasure in it. We think we are much cleverer now than people were in those old times, but, after all, they were not so far behind us as we suppose.

We do not hear that Mary learned Greek, but she knew Latin, and the chief European languages, and was fond of books and music and the arts.

You have all heard how very beautiful she was—one of the famous beauties of the world. But I think, from her pictures, that it was not mere beauty that Mary had. According to all the portraits, there was a great family resemblance between her and her cousin, Queen Elizabeth, whom nobody ever supposed to be beautiful. What Mary had, besides her beautiful eyes, and her luxuriant hair, and the features which have been so often praised, was such a charm of sweet manners and looks, and grave and lovely ways, as made her beautiful and

charming to everybody who came near her. This is something which gives beauty often to those who have none, and it is a thing which lasts forever. Beauty does not last. It is only skin-deep, all your nurses and grandmothers will tell you; but where this charm is it does continue, and those who possess it may be said never to grow old. I think it was this that made Mary Stuart so beautiful that nobody could resist her. When she was older, and had many troubles, she became satirical and bitter, and often said sharp things which offended many; but she had the most cheerful, buoyant spirit, and grace of manner, and she believed in those who loved her, and trusted them in such a way as bound every generous person doubly to her. Her cousin, Elizabeth, trusted nobody. I think that made more difference in their looks than either features or complexion, and is one good reason why we are inclined to believe that Elizabeth was ugly and cruel, and Mary one of the most beautiful persons that ever was seen.

She was married to the Dauphin in 1558, when she was sixteen, and in little more than a year after, her husband, Francis II., succeeded his father on the throne, and the young Scots queen became also Queen of France. In the same year in which Mary was married, Mary Tudor, her cousin, the Queen of England, so often called "Bloody Mary," died, and in the opinion of all good Catholics Mary Stuart was her lawful heir, for Elizabeth, who actually succeeded to the throne of England, was the daughter of Anne Boleyn, whom Henry VIII. had married when his first wife was still alive.

There can be no doubt that Mary Stuart really believed herself to be the rightful heir. Her favorite device, when she was at the head of the gay and splendid court of France, was the two crowns of France and Scotland, with the motto of "*Aliansque moratur*," which may be translated, "Waiting for another." It must have been a wonderful thought for a girl to have two kingdoms in possession, and a third so great and powerful as England coming to her. Let us hope she had some thoughts, in those days, of serving and helping her people, as her Stuart forefathers had tried to do; but that was not much the fashion in France.

But, what she certainly did was to live a most brilliant and splendid life, full of gayety and merry-making, and surrounded by everything that was beautiful and delightful. In her time, people knew nothing about a great many convenient and pleasant things which we enjoy now; but, on the other hand, the things about them, their furniture and hangings and ornaments, were more beautiful than any we have; and their houses, if not nearly so comfortable, were more stately and grand and picturesque. And with a king and queen who were

so young, you may suppose what constant amusements went on in the old Louvre, what hunting-parties among the great woods at Fontainebleau.

But this merry, splendid life did not last long. In less than three years after their marriage, young King Francis died, and Mary's sorrows began. We hear but little of this young king in history. He died so young that he had not time to show what was in him; and it does not seem there ever was the promise of much in him, or in any of his family. They were not a good family, nor were they even clever. It was one of the great misfortunes of Mary Stuart that she was never in her life connected with any man who was her own equal. And the rest of her life was so full of excitement and terrible events that little is ever said of this splendid beginning.

But when her young husband died, and another king ascended the throne, and all the courtiers who had worshiped and served her began to serve and worship their new monarch, Mary turned her eyes over the sea to her own northern kingdom, the only place she had now a right to, and which was her natural home. It was not with any longing or love for that wild and distant country, which she had left in her sixth year, and of which she had, no doubt, heard many a discouraging story; for Scotland, in the meantime, had become Protestant, the worst of all sins in the eyes of Catholics.

It had always been laughed at for its poverty and sternness, in rich and witty France, as it was for long after in England, too. Poor and proud and fierce, with none of the luxuries that abounded in Paris, with a disorderly crowd of nobles, and a mass of psalm-singing Reformers, and no pleasure nor amusement, no brightness nor gayety, but cold and storm, bare feudal castles instead of stately palaces, and poverty instead of wealth. Such was the picture that was, no doubt, drawn to her of her native kingdom. When she set sail, it is said that she remained on deck as long as the shore of France was to be seen, weeping and saying nothing but farewell. "*Adieu, charmant pays de France!*" ["Farewell, delightful land of France!"] the young queen cried. She was not then nineteen, a widow, her mother just dead, her relations all left behind, and nobody to welcome her to the cold and frowning shores to which she was bound.

Poor Mary! who could help being sorry for her? though she was one of the greatest ladies in the world, and one of the most beautiful women. Poor Mary! so lovely and so delicate, and used to flattery and praise and worship; but coming among a rough, cold people, who did not know her, who did not know how to flatter—a people who disapproved of her as a Catholic, and were suspicious of her as French, and had no familiar knowledge of her to soften their hearts.

Notwithstanding so many things against her, Mary conquered her people. She went among them with her sweet looks and her natural grace, and the smile which melted even hearts of stone; and though they continued to disapprove of some of her ways, the Scots learned to love her, as she had the gift of making people do.

The world knew nothing then of what we call toleration nowadays. That is one of the good things of which, three hundred years ago, people had no idea. A Roman Catholic thought then that it was his duty, if he had it in his power, to make everybody go to mass, and to burn those who would not; and the Protestant believed that it was his duty to prevent people from going to mass, to compel them to go and hear a sermon instead, or, if they would not, to banish them and put them in prison. Some people think the Roman Catholics were the worse in this respect, but I am afraid they were all very much the same, and every man was resolved to force his neighbors to believe as he did. Now you know nobody can be forced to believe. They can be made to tell lies, sometimes, and pretend they do; but you cannot convince people that your way is the right one by behaving cruelly to them. When Mary had mass said in her chapel, which was the only divine worship she understood, there was an uproar and almost a riot, and the people would have refused to their queen the right to worship God in the way she had been taught.

Amid all the bitter conflict that followed, Mary, hearing much of John Knox, who was the chief of the Reformers, sent for him. Perhaps you have heard of John Knox, too. He was the man of whom it was said, when he died, that he had never feared the face of man. In the early vehemence of his youth, he had been one of those whom the corruptions of the Church of Rome had disgusted. When he was asked to kiss the image of a saint, he had flung it from him indignantly, exclaiming that it was no more than "a painted board," and could help no one. He had suffered everything for the new faith—had been a galley-slave one while; an exile, a wanderer on the face of the earth; but always so brave, so true, and so earnest, that he was the counselor of statesmen, notwithstanding his humble rank, and at that moment was as a prince in Scotland, so great were his influence and power. He was a man who had faults, as every one has, and was sometimes too bold, and too stern, and, like others of his time, wanted everybody to think as he did, whether they would or not. But he loved his country with all his heart, and he it was, at that time, who did what the old kings had done, and stood up for the people against the nobles, who were as greedy and fierce then as before, and would have swallowed up

all the goods and the lands they had taken from the old church, had not John Knox stood fast, and secured for the people a share of the inheritance which was their own, establishing schools with it in every parish in Scotland. So that it is to him that Scotland owes the education which has made her a rich little country, prosperous and peaceful, instead of the poverty-stricken, hungry land she once was.

Young Queen Mary was so bold that she sent for this old, and wise, and stern man, thinking that her smiles could subdue him, or her arguments, though she was so young and inexperienced, convince him. She was very clever and keen in argument, and pushed him very close sometimes. But she did not convince him, as you may suppose; and he spoke to her so seriously, so sternly some people think, that he made the beautiful young queen weep. But Mary was as firm in her way of thinking as Knox in his, and neither of them did much good, nor much harm, to the other.

For, as I have told you, in spite of everything, though she was a Papist, which they hated, and had foreign ways which they did not love, this beautiful, brave, smiling young queen won the heart of her people. For four or five years, Scotland, fighting fiercely all the time within herself, and torn in pieces by perpetual conflicts, was yet unanimous in a tender admiration for her queen.

In Holyrood and other royal castles and palaces, scattered over the country, Mary lived a life more free, more simple, but not less gay, than that which she lived in France. She did not disturb the government already established in the country, and which had ruled it in her name before her return to Scotland; and she made no attempt to place Roman Catholics in the offices of state. Perhaps she was too young to enter yet into the policy of her uncles in France, or to be so anxious, as she afterward was, to restore the power of Rome. So Mary enjoyed herself in these sweet years of her young reign, when most things went well with her, and when nothing but the small offense of a stern sermon, or the objections of the people to her service in her chapel, disturbed her happy career.

If she was not as splendidly lodged, nor as carefully served as in France, she was more free and really supreme. She was mistress of her own life, and of the heart and favor of her people—not able as yet to turn them from their way, yet free to take her own way; and so gaining their liking and their favor, that there almost began to dawn a hope that by and by, out of love for her, they might think better of their heresy, and go back to the old faith with their queen. Perhaps her wise and crafty uncles in France had advised her that the best thing she could do was, first of all, to make Scotland love her. But Mary was not one to follow a

policy of this kind if it did not please her. It did please her, however, to make everything bright around her,—to gather about her a troop of pretty ladies—the queen's Maries,—

“There was Mary Seton, and Mary Beatoun,
And Mary Carmichael, and me,”

as one of them sings in a ballad—and all the gay young spirits of the country; and making the gray northern streets gay with her cavalcade, as she went a-hunting out into the woods; or scoured the country from one palace to another; or lighted up the graceful gallery at Holyrood, and its small but princely rooms, with music and pleasure. It was not so grand as the Louvre, but far more free, and there were no tiresome etiquettes to be observed, as in France; no queen mother to be kept in good humor, nor sulky princes to be conciliated, but everything her own way, and she herself supreme lady and mistress of all. If this could but have lasted! But it was not possible that it could last.

Amid all these gayeties, however, Mary did not forget that she was a queen, and she took her own way in politics as well as in her life. She would not give over her dancing and music and merry evenings, as John Knox required; nor would she quarrel with Queen Elizabeth, as her uncles in France urged her to do.

And in the matter of her marriage, Mary again acted for herself. A queen can not wait to be asked in marriage, like a lady of lower rank. Her subjects think it so important to them, that it has to be arranged for her, and the best man carefully chosen, and all kinds of things taken into consideration; not so much whether they love each other, but whether he is powerful enough, and great enough, or so clever and gracious, so wise and princely, that he is fit to be the husband of a queen. A great many princes were proposed to her on all sides. Those of you who have read the history of England will remember that Queen Elizabeth, from the beginning of her reign, had always declared that she would not marry. But for Mary, it was indispensable that she should marry. The prince whom she thought most suitable for her was that unfortunate, gloomy Don Carlos, who was the son of Philip II. of Spain, and who died mysteriously, in madness and misery, some time later. But there were obstacles which could not be surmounted in the way of this marriage. And a great many other princes were offered to her, and ambassadors hurried here and there, and there were scores of important state consultations and court gossips on the subject; all the great people in England, and in the Court of France, and of Spain, and a great many less important ones, laying their crowned and coroneted heads together,

and plotting or wondering whom the Queen of Scots was to marry.

At last, however, there was suggested to her, in secret, the very worst match of all. There was a certain young Lord Darnley, the son of the Earl of Lennox, a Scottish nobleman who had been banished to England, who was nearly related to both the royal families. He was a Stuart by his father's side, and his grandmother was Margaret Tudor, who was also the grandmother of Mary, and the aunt of Elizabeth, so that he was cousin to both these queens. Besides this, he was very handsome, with engaging manners, to all appearance a gallant young prince, pleasing everybody. He was neither great enough, nor wise enough, nor even old enough to be the husband of the Queen of Scots, and all the best authorities were opposed to him.

But Queen Mary saw him, and took a sudden fancy to the handsome and pleasant youth. There were difficulties in the way with all the others who would have been more suitable, and this young man was close at hand, and the very opposition of Queen Elizabeth, and of her own serious advisers, made Mary more determined to have her own way.

They were married, therefore, on the 29th of July, 1565, in the chapel of Holyrood, now roofless and ruined. Whether Mary had some foreboding in her mind as to the evil days that were dawning upon her, or if it was in accordance with some fancy or fashion, we cannot now tell; but she was married in her widow's weeds, in a heavy dress of black velvet and long white veil. But her black dress was the only melancholy thing about the wedding. They were very gay and very happy for a little while, though so many people disapproved of them, and Elizabeth quarreled with them.

Little cared the pair, for the moment, who quarreled and who disapproved. The wise Earl of Murray, Mary's half-brother, and the wily queen, her cousin, and all the nobles of the Reformation party, and all the best people, both in Scotland and England, were among those who opposed the marriage. But the queen pleased herself, as people say. Once more she had her way, and paid bitterly for it afterward, as self-willed people so often do.

For this young Darnley, whom she so loved and honored, to whom she had given the name of king, as he was a Stuart and of royal blood like herself, and for whom she had displeased so many of her friends, was as self-willed, and not nearly as wise, as Mary herself. He was younger by three years than she; he was merely a handsome boy, while she was a woman, full of intellect, intelligence, and high spirit. She had very much more character

than he had; and she had been brought up to understand state affairs and do state business, but he had not. He did not even respect the high position of the lady who had done so much for him; but was ill-tempered and rude to her, as men in all ranks often are to their wives; neglected her at one time, and at another teased her with demands for more power and authority, and showed himself to be quite unworthy of the position in which her love had placed him. No doubt he thought, because she had done so much for him, that he deserved it all, and more. Now, Mary was not herself of a patient temper, and she was sensitive to her husband's neglect, and disgusted by his selfishness and ungenerous behavior. She herself had many faults, but she was not capable of meanness, and his conduct humbled both her and himself in the eyes of the nation.

In six months they were as far apart as if they had been strangers. The queen had much on her hands at this time. Some of her great nobles, and especially her half-brother, the Earl of Murray, had rebelled against her after her marriage, and she herself had ridden at the head of her army and had subdued the rebels. The excitement of this had delighted Mary. She had declared she would like to be a man, to spend her days in the saddle, and to lie all night in the fields, and throughout the struggle she showed herself full of courage and energy, and quick to do whatever she had in hand.

But success turned her head. She began to feel that she had the world at her feet, and that no one could stand against her; and began to dream of restoring the Catholic faith, and even of marching to London and overthrowing Elizabeth, and taking possession of the English crown, her rightful inheritance, as she believed.

In these schemes she was helped and pushed on by her Italian secretary, who had been recommended to her by her relations in France, and who knew all the plans of the Catholic party. This Italian, David Rizzio, was, at the same time, a man of great accomplishments, a fine musician, and had a very cultivated mind; and he was a great resource to Mary among her rude and untaught nobles, and very naturally became one of her favorite companions.

But the people about the court, and the nobles, who could not understand how she should prefer a poor secretary to themselves, hated David; some of them out of mere jealousy, some because they knew or suspected that David had great schemes in his mind, and was a dangerous plotter against the reformed faith. Darnley was the chief of those who were jealous of Rizzio. Though it was by his own folly that he had made himself disagreeable



MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

to his wife, yet, in his vanity and weakness, he could not bear that she should find pleasure in the society of any one else, and he began to con-

spire with some of the discontented lords, and those who thought that David was a public enemy.

I am afraid, indeed, that this accomplished

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Italian *was* an enemy to the state, and was planning great harm to Scotland; but this did not justify the wicked and cruel act by which he met his death. One evening Queen Mary was in her cabinet, or closet, as it was called,—a room so small that you would not think so many people could possibly get into it,—at supper, fearing no evil. She had her half-sister with her, the Countess of Argyle; a half-brother, and several others of her household, and among them Rizzio. When the supper was half over, Darnley, the king, as he was called, came in by a private passage, which led from his room to Mary's. Then, a few minutes after, came Lord Ruthven, the chief of the conspirators, and a number of others, armed and angry.

Imagine these fierce men rushing in by the private door, which was for Darnley alone, and filling the little room behind the terrified people at the table, who had been talking gayly over their supper, with thoughts as far as possible from murder and cruelty.

Mary, who feared no man, at once asked Ruthven what was his business there and who had let him in, and ordered him to leave her presence. But you may be sure they had not gone so far to be stopped by anything that could be said to them, and Mary, betrayed by her own husband, had no guards to defend her. Ruthven made her a haughty answer, and said he had come to drag Rizzio from her presence.

"Madame, save my life!" cried David, clinging to her dress.

She tried to save him against the weapons thrust at him, some over her own shoulder, and in the scuffle the table was upset, and the queen herself thrown down, with the wretched, panic-stricken stranger clinging to her in the middle of all that havoc, while the daggers were almost at her own throat.

Then the murderers forced the clinging hands of their victim loose from the clothing of the queen, and dragged him roughly out of her presence, Darnley himself holding her that she might do nothing further in behalf of the poor Italian, who was killed at the door of the adjoining room, in her hearing, if not in her sight. Then his body, mangled with many wounds, was thrown out of the window into the court-yard below.

Ruthven came back when this deed was done, into the little room where the remains of the supper, which had been so dreadfully interrupted, were

still scattered: and there he found poor Mary, in a passion of rage, and sorrow, and despair, telling her treacherous husband that she would be his wife no longer; that he was a traitor and the son of a traitor.

"This will be dear blood to some of you," she protested, in her passion.

But the conspirators had possession of the palace, and Mary was a prisoner in their hands.

This was the turning point in her life. Up to this time she had been a brave and high-spirited and generous princess, meeting her enemies boldly, speaking her mind fully; with plenty of faults, indeed, but none that need have taken from her the love of her people. And that love had followed her wherever she had gone. She had been disappointed in her husband, but in everything else the beautiful and brave creature had been successful and triumphant.

Now, however, almost in a moment, all this was changed.

Imagine, after such a horrible scene of treachery and murder, this young queen, to whom everything had been subject, shut into her room alone, spending the night without even one of her women near her, without a friend to bear her company, in the room through which poor Rizzio had been dragged, at the door of which he had been stabbed and stabbed again, and where his blood stained the floor.

If ever in your travels you go to Scotland and visit that old palace of Holyrood, which has seen so many strange scenes, the people will show you a dark spot, which is said to be Rizzio's blood. I will not vouch for it that this is true, but the stains were there, undoubtedly, when Mary, wild with terror, and misery, and anger, spent that dreadful night alone. She was in delicate health at the time, and the wonder was that the shock and horror did not kill her, too.

This outrage was the beginning of all the darker side of her life. Next morning, Mary began another existence. She was in the hands of her deadly enemies. The only way in which she could get free was by flattering and deceiving them. It would have been better for her had she died that morning. History, then, would have had nothing but honor and pity for her. But Mary did not die. She lived to cheat and deceive, to become a conspirator, too; to swear one thing and do another; to revenge herself, and in her turn to be the subject of a terrible revenge.

(To be concluded.)

A LESSON FOR MAMMA.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

"DEAR Mamma, if you just could be
A tiny little girl like me,
And I your mamma, you would see
How nice I'd be to you.
I'd always let you have your way;
I'd never frown at you, and say:
'You are behaving ill to-day;
Such conduct will not do.'

"I'd always give you jelly-cake
For breakfast, and I'd never shake
My head, and say: 'You must not take
So very large a slice.'
I'd never say: 'My dear, I trust
You will not make me say you *must*
Eat up your oat-meal'; or 'The crust
You'll find is very nice.'

"I'd buy you candy every day;
I'd go down-town with you, and say:
'What would my darling like? You may
Have anything you see.'
I'd never say: 'My pet, you know
'T is bad for health and teeth, and so
I cannot let you have it. No;
It would be wrong in me.'

"And every day I'd let you wear
Your nicest dress, and never care
If it should get a great big tear;
I'd only say to you:
'My precious treasure, never mind,
For little clothes *will* tear, I find.'
Now, Mamma, would n't that be kind?
That's just what I should do.

"I'd never say: 'Well, just a *few*!'
I'd let you stop your lessons, too;
I'd say: 'They are too hard for you,
Poor child, to understand.'
I'd put the books and slates away;
You should n't do a thing but play,
And have a party every day.
Ah-h-h, would n't that be grand!

"But, Mamma dear, you cannot grow
Into a little girl, you know,
And I can't be your mamma; so
The only thing to do,
Is just for you to try and see
How very, *very* nice 't would be
For *you* to do all this for *me*.
Now, Mamma, *could* n't you?"

IN NATURE'S WONDERLAND; OR, ADVENTURES IN THE
AMERICAN TROPICS.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

CHAPTER VI.

THE little cow-hunter would have been in his glory, if he had accompanied us to Yucatan; for there he would have found numberless cows to chase, and plenty of galloping room besides. On the Rio Bexar, that forms the frontier of the State of Tabasco, we saw large herds of black cattle, roaming at large over the open prairies, and on the opposite shore, in western Yucatan, they seemed to be mostly ownerless, for we saw neither herders nor farmers—nothing but Indian deer-hunters—till

we reached San Elizario, a village containing only a few white settlers, and a government stage-coach office.

Here we left our menagerie-pets in charge of the postmaster, who had more stable-room than he wanted, and, hearing that southern Yucatan abounded with monkeys and all kinds of game, we set off in the direction of a place where they had told us that the Rio Belize could be crossed on a rope bridge.

Judging from the name, we expected to find something like a suspension-bridge, but it proved

to be a sort of a ferry, a drag-over contrivance of the rudest and strangest kind. At the narrowest point of the river-bed they had stretched two cables of liana-ropes from shore to shore, about sixty feet above the water-surface, and some of the countrymen managed to get across by stepping on the lower cable and holding on to the upper one; but for travelers that were not used to this sort of rope-walking, they had large wicker baskets with hoops, sliding along the cable in such a way that they could be pulled over by means of a drag-rope. The river was very broad, with a current like a mill-race, and it puzzled us how we should get Black Betsy across, but the bridge-keeper assured us that there was n't any danger, if we would just ease her load a little, and fasten a long tow to her saddle-band. The tow was long enough to reach from the water up to the wicker basket, and while the mule swam the river, the people in the basket pulled at the rope just enough to steady her, so that the current should not carry her away.

While they guided her over we waited on the cliffs of the opposite shore, and Tommy concluded to try his long drop-line. He had to use beetles instead of minnows, and, considering the poor bait, his luck was better than we expected; in less than

call a sort of eel-snake in Mexico. Up he came; but just when the line got taut, a smooth black head popped up from the water, gobbled the *gusano* with a sudden snap, and disappeared—fish, hook and all.

"An otter! A fish-otter!" exclaimed one of the natives who had watched our proceedings. "A wonder he did n't rob you before; we can hardly get a fish on account of those black thieves. Just look at them; there comes a whole shoal!"

We looked down, and, sure enough, the water at the other side of the cliffs was almost black with swimming heads. The otters sported around like porpoises, and now and then slipped into a rock-crevice at the water's edge.

"They must have their nests in that cliff," said Tommy. "I wonder if we could n't catch some of the young ones?"

"Hardly; their burrows are very deep," said the Indian.

"Yes, and we could n't raise them, anyhow," I added. "It's hard to get fresh fish every day, and they would n't eat anything else. Get up, boys—here comes the ferryman."

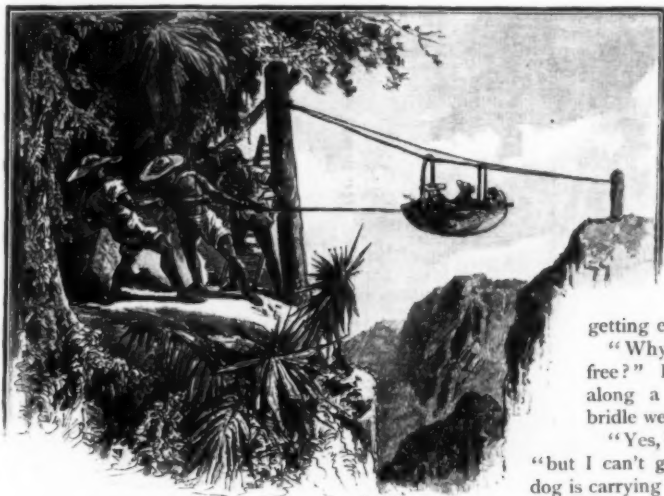
Two other travelers had crossed the ferry with the last basket: a young Spaniard on his way to the gold-mines of San Cristoval, and a heavily armed half-breed with a big wolf-dog. The dog carried two good-sized leather bags, and was saddled and bridled like a horse, following in the tracks of his master, who held the end of the bridle in his fist. Whenever we passed a bush or a tree-stump, the dog pressed close to his master's heels, to keep the bridle from getting entangled in the twigs.

"Why don't you let that dog go free?" I asked. "He could get along a great deal better if that bridle were off altogether."

"Yes, I know," said the half-breed, "but I can't go against my orders: that dog is carrying the government mail, and if I should lose him they would stop my year's wages."

"Are you going to Vera Paz?" asked Daddy Simon, who was not very well acquainted with the Yucatan country-roads.

"No; but I will show you the way as far as Cabellas," said the mail-carrier; "from there Don José (the Spaniard) 'and I shall take the



THE CURIOUS ROPE-BRIDGE ACROSS THE RIO BELIZE.

ten minutes he caught four pickerel, and a black, frog-headed fish of a kind we had never seen before. The next time he threw in his line, he had a bite almost as soon as he touched the water, and, as he jerked it in, we could see by the squirming and splashing that it must be a large *gusano*, as they

mountain-road to the mines, but you have to follow the river to the mouth of the Rio Gordo."

"I wish I could go along with you," said Don José; "I like to travel in a wilderness like this. Just look at those splendid mango-trees in the valley down there! By the by—would n't that be a good place to cook our dinner?"

We assented, and, while Menito dressed our pickerel, the young Spaniard and Tommy collected a lot of wild fruits, mangos, chirimoyas, and fine yellow grapes. The mail-carrier had bought some eggs at the ferry-house, and a first-rate dinner was almost ready when the boys returned from their foraging.

"Hello, there are pebbles in this ravine," said the young Spaniard. "Wait a moment; I saw a queer sort of fruit in that bush over yonder, but I could not reach it with my stick: let me see if I can't hit it. I think it must be a calabash-tree."

We were so busy with our preparations for dinner that we paid no particular attention to him; but I noticed a bottle-shaped gray thing in the top of the calabash-tree, as he called it. I had just stepped aside to get our vinegar-flask from the saddle-pouch, when I heard a general uproar at

"What in the name of common sense is the matter?" asked the half-breed, who was just coming up from the creek with a pail of water—but in the next moment he dashed the pail down, snatched it up again, and ran like the rest. "Hornets! hornets! Away with that mule of yours!" he yelled, when I called on him to stop. I had hardly time to untie the halter and rush the mule off into the bush, when the air seemed to hum all around me, and two fierce stings on my neck convinced me that my companions had good reason to run. Now I remembered that wretched calabash-tree. Yes, that explained it; the young Spaniard had mistaken a hornets'-nest for some kind of wild fruit, and, hitting it with a stone, had brought down on our heads the wrath of a swarm of winged demons. At first I was so angry that I could not trust myself to speak a word when I overtook the fugitives, but the uproarious mirth of the boys put me in good humor again.

"So that's what they call calabashes in Spain!" shouted Menito, scarcely able to contain his merriment. "You would n't want any Spanish pepper if you could get a dose of that stuff every day!"

"Well, I declare," laughed Tommy, "I did n't know old Daddy could run like all that!"

"Those rascals are smart, though!" cried the half-breed, panting. "Did n't they find us quickly!"

"Smart? Why, they have no common sense at all," growled old Daddy. "About six of them went up my trousers, and one stung me right on the nose—as if it had been my fault, confound the foolish creatures!"

The poor young Spaniard said nothing at all; but I dare say he recollects the day of the month.

"Poor Menito has lost his red handkerchief, I see," observed

Tommy, after attending to his wounds.

"Oh, I can stand it," laughed Menito. "All I am sorry for is that mess of pickerel; we had n't much of a breakfast, either."

"Never mind," said the half-breed; "do you see that smoke going up, ahead there? That's a



THE CARRIER OF THE GOVERNMENT MAIL.

the camp: Daddy Simon snatching up the mess-bag and galloping away like a race-horse, with Tommy and Rough at his heels; Menito upsetting our dinner and running off with the empty kettle, and the young Spaniard throwing about his arms and bellowing like a madman.

village of Pasco Indians; they can sell us something to eat, I guess. I should n't wonder if they are cooking their own dinner right now. Besides, I have a lot of dry cakes in my pouch."

The smoke rose from the center of a little clearing in the midst of the forest, but we did not see any trace of a village, till the half-breed called attention to a grove of cauco-trees behind the clearing. Wherever two or three trees stood close together, the Indians had joined them by a net-work of bush ropes, forming the floor of their huts about six feet above the ground, while the boughs of the trees, interwoven with bast and bulrushes, served as a sort of roof.

"Have n't they any axes?" said Tommy. "What's the reason they cannot build their huts on the ground?"

"It's on account of the inundations," said the half-breed. "In the rainy season the Rio Belize rises ten or fifteen feet, and overflows this country in every direction."

A dozen copper-brown Indians were cooking their dinner in the middle of the clearing, and when we approached their camp-fire the half-breed explained our mishap and inquired the price of a modest meal. There was n't much in sight; but one of the half-naked hunters rose, with the dignity of a Grand Duke, and invited us to a seat on the wood-pile. Their squaws were out nutting, he said, and they could not offer us any bread to-day; but we were quite welcome to all there was, and they scorned the idea of accepting money from a stranger-guest.

"We have fried squirrels," said he, "nearly done; and, furthermore, we have eels,—fine eels, exquisite and fat."

We told him that we should never be able to forgive ourselves if we should deprive him of his eels, but that we should ask him to favor us with a squirrel apiece.

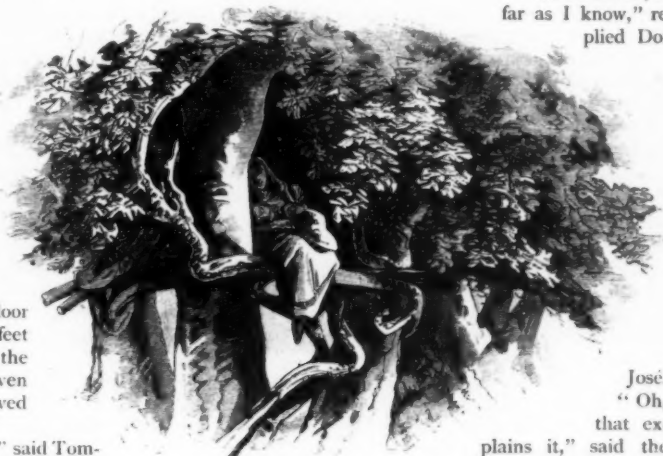
The squirrels were skewered on long sticks and roasting over a low wood-fire, and every now and then one of the Indians greased them with a spoonful of lard-oil, to keep them from frizzling away altogether. When we had finished our repast, the young Spaniard asked them for a few drops of that oil, to rub his swollen face.

"Ovispas?" (wasps or hornets) asked the Pasco.

"Yes, sir—ten or twelve of them."

"Why, what sort of snake-doctors are there in your part of the country?" asked the Indian.

"None at all, as far as I know," replied Don



A HOME IN A TREE.

José.
"Oh, that explains it," said the Indian. "Poor man, no wonder! We

Pascos have good snake-doctors, however."

"What are they good for?" I inquired.

"They rub you with guaraca oil," said the Indian, "that will keep flies and wasps away; and if you pay them a big price, they rub you till you get snake-proof, too."

"Can't you buy a bottle of that stuff and put it on yourself?" I asked.

"Yes, on your hands," said the Pasco, "but only the doctor knows how to oil your face; otherwise the ointment would kill you. It is a strong poison, and would make you sneeze till you die. Our medicine-man has a remedy for ghosts, too," he added, and told us a long story about the strange apparitions that used to haunt the wigwam till they were laid by the potent spells of the snake-doctor; but we did not regret the delay, for the Indians sold us a tame spider-monkey—a lank and funny fellow, with arms as long as a full-grown man's.

"What kind of oil does he mean?" I asked the half-breed, when we continued on our way.

"I do not know what it is made of," said he, "but it is certainly a strong poison."

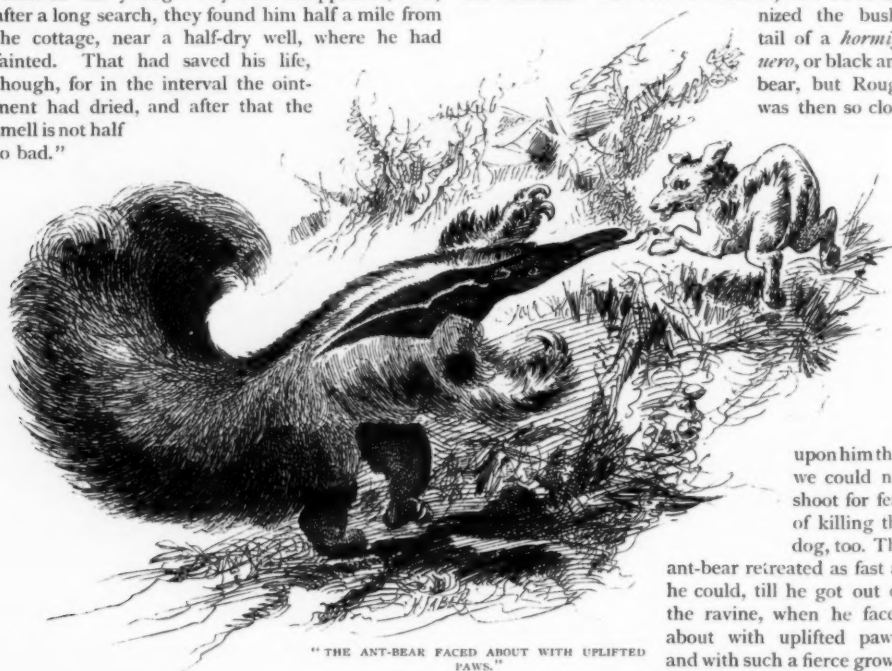
"But will it injure you by merely rubbing it on your skin?"

"I knew a fellow who nearly died from the mere smell," said the half-breed. "One of my neighbors in Tabasco was chopping wood near his garden, and in his absence a large *vivoron* [a sort of moccasin snake] crawled into the cottage and came near biting his youngest son, a lad of ten years, but

wonderfully plucky for a boy of that age. The little fellow saw the snake when it was just going to strike, and, with a sudden grab, caught it around the neck with both hands and called loudly for help; but before his brother came to the rescue the snake had wound itself around his arm, and squirmed in a way that he had to fling himself on the floor to hold it down. 'Get the hatchet!' he called to his brother. 'Strike away! Never mind my fingers—chop them off, as long as you cut the *vivaron's* head off, too!' But his brother ran into a back-room where their father kept a bottle of guaraca-oil, and, finding the stopper too tight, he smashed the whole bottle, and poured the contents on his brother's hands. The snake wriggled like an eel and then lay still, as limp as a rag, but in the same moment the two boys were seized with a violent fit of sneezing. The elder ran outside, and had hardly reached the open air, when he heard his brother call out again: 'Water! air! help! I'm choking!' There was no water near the house, and the boy hurried off to fetch his father, but when they returned the younger boy had disappeared, and, after a long search, they found him half a mile from the cottage, near a half-dry well, where he had fainted. That had saved his life, though, for in the interval the ointment had dried, and after that the smell is not half so bad."

off to the left where the road forks again; the left-hand trail leads to an abandoned wood-chopper's cabin. You had better not leave the road at all," he added; "the *espinal* [thorn-jungle] in the bottom there is a terrible wilderness."

So it was; even in Tabasco we had never seen such an intricate maze of jungle and bush ropes. The great *lianas*, or creeping vines, joined tree to tree, trailing along the ground like snakes, and hanging in festoons from the boughs, like the cordage of a full-rigged ship, while smaller vines, some of them as prickly as buckthorn twigs, spread their twisted coils through the underbrush and made the forest almost impenetrable. In such thickets, wild beasts were safe from the hunter's pursuit. Squirrels and rabbits crossed our path, but our dog tried in vain to follow them through the thorns, and we thought he had become thoroughly tired of such a hunting-ground, when he suddenly rushed ahead like a shot, and almost tumbled upon a brute about the size of a large hog, engaged in scraping up the leaves in a little ravine, some twenty paces from the road-side. The creature turned, and we recognized the bushy tail of a *hormiguero*, or black ant-bear, but Rough was then so close



"THE ANT-BEAR FACED ABOUT WITH UPLIFTED PAWS."

"I must leave you here," said the half-breed, when we reached the next cross-road, "but you cannot miss your way now: you will reach Cabellas all right if you just keep straight south. Don't turn

upon him that we could not shoot for fear of killing the dog, too. The ant-bear retreated as fast as he could, till he got out of the ravine, when he faced about with uplifted paws, and with such a fierce growl, that Rough drew back in affright. In the next moment the *hormiguero* had vanished in the thicket, though Tommy ran up and down, trying to discover his whereabouts. He could hardly see ten paces ahead into the jungle.



A NOVEL WAY TO CLIMB A TREE. [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

"Come on, come on," Daddy Simon urged us. "Do you see those clouds? I am afraid we shall get wet before night."

It was hardly three o'clock, but the sky had turned strangely dark, and now and then a flash of lightning darted across the murky air. We pressed forward in silent haste, till Tommy clutched my arm and looked intently in the direction of the *espinal*. "I thought I heard a bell down there," said he. "Yes, there it goes again! Listen! What can that be?"

We all heard it plainly this time: a singular bell-like sound, coming clear and ringing from the heart of the wilderness.

"Yes, we are in for it now," said Daddy Simon. "There will be a storm or a heavy rain. That's the *campanero*, the bell-bird; when he tolls his *campana* [bell] you may look out for trouble. It is a sure sign."

Three or four wood-bats passed over our heads with a whistling screech, also a *caprimulga* or goat-sucker—a kind of bird that is rarely seen before sundown; and when we approached a coppice of cork-oaks, a big wild-cat leaped into the middle of the road and glared at us in wide-eyed surprise. She, too, seemed to

have mistaken the darkness for the evening twilight, and looked at us as if she wondered what we were doing so late in the woods; but at the first movement of our dog she turned and flung herself into the thicket with a savage leap.

"Come ahead," said Old Daddy; "we can't run after every bird and beast in a wilderness like this."

"Hold on there—just wait a moment," cried Menito, squeezing himself through the underbrush at the foot of the tree. "I thought so," said he. "There's a hole in this tree with a cat's nest; I can hear the young ones whining like puppies. Please give me a lift, somebody."

Tommy managed to help him up, and, after pulling out a lot of moss and rubbish, Menito produced four fat little kittens, that looked as surprised as their mother to find themselves in the presence of strangers.

"Now, let it rain," laughed Menito. "We have made a good job of it for one day."

Not a drop had fallen yet, but the darkness became really alarming, and the wind swayed the tree-tops with an ominous moan.

"Bad luck," said Daddy Simon. "We have missed our way. Here's that wood-chopper's shanty the mail-carrier was telling us about. Come this way."

"How did we get off the right road?" I asked.

"I don't know, señor," said he. "Friday is an unlucky day, somehow, and may be we made it worse by eating squir-



THE HUNTER'S TAPE. [SEE PAGE 465.]

rels instead of fish."

We then turned back, and, after retracing our steps a few hundred paces, we found two doubtful trails leading in the direction of the Rio Belize, but looking

very much like the paths which deer and cows follow on the way to their drinking-places.

"Which one goes nearest south, now?" asked

Daddy Simon. "Vera Paz is south by south-east, so far as I know."

Before we could decide that point, a sudden gust of wind cooled the air some fifteen or twenty degrees, and our monkeys began to squeal as if they wanted to call our attention to the lowering storm.

"It's coming!" cried Menito. "What shall we do? Please, let's hurry back to that old cabin: better an empty house than no house at all."

It seemed really the best plan; so, by setting our mule a-trotting, we managed to reach the log-cabin in less than ten minutes, and, while I helped Old Daddy to unstrap the baskets and things, the boys ran out to hunt up a little fuel. But they had hardly brought in two armfuls or so when the storm broke loose, with a roar that frightened our monkeys almost out of their wits. They hugged one another and screamed until they made us laugh, in spite of our own consternation, for the matter was almost past a jest: the great forest-trees bent and swayed like reeds, and only the clumsy massiveness of the timbers saved the roof of our hut from being blown away with the branches that flew through the air like a flock of birds. As soon as the fury of the storm abated, the rain came down in torrents, and, almost with the first fall, the whole forest broke forth in a babel of confused voices: screeching parrots, screaming cats, and loud-grunting peccaries, and through all the din we heard the shrill piping of a troop of *monos cspectros*, or "ghost-monkeys," as the Mexicans call a kind of nocturnal mammals allied to the African lemurs. Little rat-like things jumped and chirped among the rafters of the roof, but it was so dark that we could not make out what they were, till Menito knocked one of them down with the butt of his mule-whip. It fluttered out into the rain like a bat, and we saw that it must be a family of flying-squirrels, who had made themselves at home in the abandoned cabin, and perhaps felt highly indignant at our unceremonious intrusion.

Our dog Rough had posted himself at the threshold, and seemed to have noticed something outside that did not suit him, for he retreated with a low growl, and with every hair on his back standing on end. On looking around, we saw two big yellow eyes glaring at us through the rain that had turned the twilight into pitch-dark night. Menito advanced toward the door with his whip, but Daddy pulled him back with a jerk that sent him stumbling into the corner.

"You must be entirely crazy," said he. "Do you want to get yourself killed? That must be a panther or a jaguar, and a pretty big one, too. Don't you know that such brutes can't keep the run of the calendar? They would eat you on Friday as quickly as on any other day!"

The next morning the ground was as wet as a swamp, but Black Betsy had a very easy load, and we found that our tame spider-monkey could walk as well as ride. He preferred to squat on the mule's croup like a Turk on his divan, but whenever he saw the boys running after a squirrel or a butterfly, he would slip down and follow them as if his curiosity had got the better of his laziness.

"There are some Indians under those trees," said Daddy Simon, when we passed a copse of tanka-oaks. "I'm going to ask them about the best road to Vera Paz."

Tankas, or Spanish nuts, look almost exactly like acorns, but they taste sweet and pleasant like filberts, and still more like those egg-shaped little walnuts they call "pecans" in Texas. The trees were rather high and had their larger branches all near the top, but the Indians had devised quite an ingenious mode of climbing them. They had long ropes of bombax cotton, about as thick as a finger, but strong enough to bear the weight of a heavy man. To one end of these ropes they had fastened *bolas*, or round pebbles about the size of a pigeon-egg, and on the other a cudgel of very tough wood. Now, if they wanted to climb a tree, they whirled the bolas around their heads and flung them over the lowest branch in a way that made them twirl all around it, and by giving a quick jerk, they could draw the rope as tight as a knot. By grabbing the rope with his hands, and bracing his toes against the tree, a barefoot boy could climb the biggest oak almost as quick as with a ladder, and, if the tree was very high, his comrades could help him by standing on the cudgel, thus drawing the rope taut and straight.

But though the Indians understood the art of climbing Spanish-nut trees, they did n't know much about the Spanish language, and we tried in vain to interpret our questions by gestures, till one old fellow tapped me on the shoulder, and pointing in the direction of a narrow trail, lifted his finger, as if he wanted me to listen to something. I asked my companions to keep quiet for a moment, and soon heard the echo of distant ax-strokes.

"Blanco, blanco—a white man, that," said the Indian, and, again pointing toward the trail, he waved his hand, as much as to say: "Go on; you will find a white man there."

After following the trail for a mile or so, we heard the ax-strokes close at hand, and at last saw a stout, bareheaded man, in a hunting-shirt, engaged in splitting fence-rails in the genuine North-American fashion. He did not look much like a Spaniard, and when we hailed him, his answer confirmed my conjecture.

"Hello, strangers!" he called out, in English.

and, throwing down his ax, came up and greeted us in the off-hand way of a British sailor or soldier.

"If you are going to Vera Paz, you are nearly on the right road," said he, when we had introduced ourselves, "but I will take you as far as Lagunas, where you strike the State highway."

"You are an Englishman?" I asked.

"I am a Scotchman, and belonged to an English vessel that got wrecked on the Yucatan coast. I tried to make my way to Vera Cruz, but this country here suited me, and I concluded to stay." He told us that he had lived here more than seven years, nearly alone, supporting himself on wild fruits and game.

"You must have had some wild adventures," said I, seeing his face was badly scarred on one side.

"Yes, I got that in a rough-and-tumble fight with a panther," said he. "The Pasco Indians had offered a large reward for the head of a panther that had killed six men and children of one wigwam. So I laid traps of all kinds, and at last caught the man-eater in a heavy steel trap. He had caught himself in such a manner that he could

(To be continued.)

not possibly escape, but I never saw a wild brute make such a desperate resistance. I had to throw a lariat over his head and wind it all around him before I could drag him off, and I had hardly hauled him half a mile when he got one of his paws free and made a spring at my head. At last I managed to chain him and deliver him to the Pasco Indians. They would never tell me what they did with him. It 's pretty hard to make a few dollars here now," he added, "but when the gold mines were first discovered the whole country was full of money; one day I won twenty dollars on a single bet."

"How was that?" we asked.

"I have a tame tapir," said the hunter, "and one evening I took him to a farm-house where the miners used to congregate, and made them a bet that my tapir could eat more corn than three full-grown hogs. They put three hungry swine in a pen, and the tapir in another, and then threw a sackful of corn into each pen, but the hogs had eaten only two-thirds of their share when my tapir had swallowed his whole ration, cobs and all."



"TO ANSWER I 'M INCLINED."

VOL. VIII. —30.

WHY.

ONCE I was a little maid

With eager heart and mind;

And through the wondrous hours, I sought
Something I could not find.

No single thing; 't was that, to-day,

To-morrow, it was this;

And wistfully I heard folks say:

"A funny little miss!

"She queries so! She wonders so!"

They said—"The pretty thing!"

But what I sought, or wished to know,

They quite forgot to bring.

And now that I am older grown,

And do as I 've a mind,

When little lips ask, "Why?"—I 'll own

To answer I 'm inclined.

Their "How?" and "What?" and "Why?"
you see,

Mean that they, too, would reach

And find a something that they need
In some one's friendly speech.

THE PETERKINS' EXCURSION FOR MAPLE SUGAR.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.



It was, to be sure, a change of plan to determine to go to Grandfather's for a maple-sugaring instead of going to Egypt! But it seemed best. Egypt was not given up—only postponed. "It has lasted so many centuries," sighed Mr. Peterkin, "that I suppose it will not crumble much in one summer more."

The Peterkins had determined to start for Egypt in June, and Elizabeth Eliza had engaged her dress-maker for January; but after all their plans were made, they were told that June was the worst month of all to go to Egypt in; that they would arrive in midsummer, and find the climate altogether too hot; that people who were not used to it died of it. Nobody thought of going to Egypt in summer; on the contrary, everybody came away. And what was worse,

Agamemnon learned that not only the summers were unbearably hot, but there really was no Egypt in summer—nothing to speak of—nothing but water, for there was a great inundation of the river Nile every summer, which completely covered the country, and it would be difficult to get about, except in boats.

Mr. Peterkin remembered he had heard something of the sort, but he did not suppose it had been kept up with the modern improvements.

Mrs. Peterkin felt that the thing must be very much exaggerated. She could not believe the whole country would be covered, or that everybody would leave; as summer was surely the usual time for travel, there must be strangers there, even if the natives left. She would not be sorry if there were fewer of the savages. As for the boats, she supposed after their long voyage they would all be used to going about in boats, and she had thought seriously of practicing, by getting in and out of the rocking-chair from the sofa.

The family, however, wrote to the lady from Philadelphia who had traveled in Egypt, and whose husband knew everything about Egypt that could be known—that is, everything that had already been dug up, though he could only guess at what might be brought to light next.

The result was a very earnest recommendation not to leave for Egypt till the autumn. Travelers did not usually reach there before December, though October might be pleasant on account of the fresh dates.

So the Egypt plan was reluctantly postponed, and, to make amends for the disappointment to the little boys, an excursion for maple sirup was proposed instead.

Mr. Peterkin considered it almost a necessity. They ought to acquaint themselves with the manufactures of their own new country, before studying those of the oldest in the world. He had been inquiring into the products of Egypt at the present time, and had found sugar to be one of their staples. They ought, then, to understand the American methods, and compare them with those of Egypt. It would be a pretty attention, indeed, to carry some of the maple sugar to the principal dignitaries of Egypt.

But the difficulties in arranging an excursion proved almost as great as for going to Egypt. Sugar-making could not come off until it was warm enough for the sun to set the sap stirring. On the other hand, it must be cold enough for snow, as you could only reach the woods on snow-sleds. Now, if there were sun enough for the sap to rise, it would melt the snow, and if it were cold enough for sledding, it must be too cold for the sirup. There seemed an impossibility about the whole thing. The little boys, however, said there always had been maple sugar every spring; they had eaten it; why should n't there be this spring?

Elizabeth Eliza insisted gloomily that this was probably old sugar they had eaten—you never could tell in the shops.

Mrs. Peterkin thought there must be fresh sugar occasionally, as the old would have been eaten up. She felt the same about chickens. She never could understand why there were only the old, tough ones in the market, when there were certainly fresh young broods to be seen around the farm-houses every year. She supposed the market-men had begun with the old, tough fowls, and so they had to go on so. She wished they had begun the other

way, and she had done her best to have the family eat up the old fowls, hoping they might, some day, get down to the young ones.

As to the uncertainty about the weather, she suggested they should go to Grandfather's the day before. But how can you go the day before, when you don't yet know the day?

All were much delighted, therefore, when Hiram appeared with the wood-sled, one evening, to take them, as early as possible the next day, to their grandfather's. He reported that the sap had started, the kettles had been on some time, there had been a light snow for sleighing, and to-morrow promised to be a fine day. It was decided that he should take the little boys and Elizabeth Eliza early, in the wood-sled; the others would follow later, in the carry-all.

Mrs. Peterkin thought it would be safer to have some of the party go on wheels, in case of a general thaw the next day.

A brilliant sun awoke them in the morning. The wood-sled was filled with hay, to make it warm and comfortable, and an arm-chair was tied in for Elizabeth Eliza. But she was obliged to go first to visit the secretary of the Circumambient Society, to explain that she should not be present at their evening meeting. One of the rules of this society was to take always a winding road when going upon society business, as the word "circumambient" means "compassing about." It was one of its laws to copy nature as far as possible, and a straight line is never seen in nature. Therefore, she could not send a direct note to say she should not be present; she could only hint it in general conversation with the secretary, and she was obliged to take a roundabout way to reach the secretary's house, where the little boys called for her in her wood-sled.

What was her surprise to find eight little boys instead of three! In passing the school-house they had picked up five of their friends, who had reached the school door a full hour before the time. Elizabeth Eliza thought they ought to inquire if their parents would be willing they should go, as they all expected to spend the night at Grandfather's. Hiram thought it would require too much time to stop for the consent of ten parents; if the sun kept on at this rate, the snow would be gone before they should reach the woods. But the little boys said most of the little boys lived in a row, and Elizabeth Eliza felt she ought not to take the boys away for all night without their parents' knowledge. The consent of two mothers and two fathers was gained, and Mr. Dobson was met in the street, who said he would tell the other mother. But at each place they were obliged to stop for additional tippets, and great-coats, and India-rubber boots for the little

boys. At the Harrimans', too, the Harriman girls insisted on dressing up the wood-sled with evergreens, and made one of the boys bring their last Christmas-tree, that was leaning up against the barn, to set it up in the back of the sled, over Elizabeth Eliza. All this made considerable delay, and when they reached the high road again the snow was indeed fast melting. Elizabeth Eliza was inclined to turn back, but Hiram said they would find the sleighing better farther up among the hills. The arm-chair joggled about a good deal, and the Christmas-tree creaked behind her, and Hiram was obliged to stop occasionally and tie in the chair and the tree more firmly.

But the warm sun was very pleasant, the eight little boys were very lively, and the sleigh-bells jingled gayly as they went on.

It was so late when they reached the wood-road that Hiram decided they had better not go up the hill to their grandfather's, but turn off into the woods.

"Your grandfather will be there by this time," he declared.

Elizabeth Eliza was afraid the carry-all would miss them, and thought they had better wait. Hiram did not like to wait longer, and proposed that one or two of the little boys should stop to show the way. But it was so difficult to decide which little boys should stay that he gave it up. Even to draw lots would take time. So he explained that there was a lunch hidden somewhere in the straw, and the little boys thought it an admirable time to look it up, and it was decided to stop in the sun at the corner of the road. Elizabeth Eliza felt a little jounced in the arm-chair, and was glad of a rest; and the little boys soon discovered an ample lunch. Just what might have been expected from Grandfather's — apple-pie and doughnuts, and plenty of them! "Lucky we brought so many little boys!" they exclaimed.

Hiram, however, began to grow impatient. "There'll be no snow left," he exclaimed, "and no afternoon for the sirup!"

But far in the distance the Peterkin carry-all was seen slowly approaching through the snow, Solomon John waving a red handkerchief. The little boys waved back, and Hiram ventured to enter upon the wood-road, but at a slow pace, as Elizabeth Eliza still feared that, by some accident, the family might miss them.

It was with difficulty that the carry-all followed in the deep but soft snow, in among the trunks of the trees and over piles of leaves hidden in the snow. They reached, at last, the edge of a meadow, and on the high bank above it stood a row of maples, a little shanty by the side, a slow smoke proceeding from its chimney. The little

boys screamed with delight; but there was no reply. Nobody there!

"The folks all gone!" exclaimed Hiram; "then we must be late." And he proceeded to pull out a large silver watch from a side pocket. It was so large that he seldom was at the pains to pull it out, as it took time; but when he had succeeded at last, and looked at it, he started.

"Late, indeed! It is four o'clock, and we were to have been here by eleven; they have given you up."

The little boys wanted to force in the door, but Hiram said it was no use—they wouldn't understand what to do, and he should have to see to the horses; and it was too late, and it was likely they had carried off all the sirup. But he thought a minute, as they all stood in silence and gloom, and then he guessed they might find some sugar at Deacon Spear's, close by, on the back road, and that would be better than nothing. Mrs. Peterkin was pretty cold, and glad not to wait in the darkening wood; so the eight little boys walked through the wood-path, Hiram leading the way; and slowly the carry-all followed.

They reached Deacon Spear's at length; but only Mrs. Spear was at home. She was very deaf, but could explain that the family had taken all their sirup to the annual festival.

"We might go to the festival," exclaimed the little boys.

"It would be very well," said Mrs. Peterkin, "to eat our fresh sirup there."

But Mrs. Spear could not tell where the festival was to be, as she had not heard; perhaps they might know at Squire Ramsay's. Squire Ramsay's was on their way to Grandfather's, so they stopped there; but they learned that the "Squire's folks had all gone with their sirup to the festival"; but the man who was chopping wood did not know where the festival was to be.

"They'll know at your grandfather's," said Mrs. Peterkin, from the carry-all.

"Yes, go on to your grandfather's," advised Mr. Peterkin, "for I think I felt a drop of rain;" so they made the best of their way to Grandfather's.

At the moment they reached the door of the house, a party of young people whom Elizabeth Eliza knew came by in sleighs. She had met them all when visiting at her grandfather's.

"Come along with us," they shouted; "we are all going down to the sugar festival."

"That is what we have come for," said Mr. Peterkin.

"Where is it?" asked Solomon John.

"It is down your way," was the reply.

"It is in your own New Hall," said another.

"We have sent down all our sirup. The Spears,

and Ramsays, and Doolittles have gone on with theirs. No time to stop; there's good sleighing on the old road."

There was a little consultation with the grandfather. Hiram said that he could take them back with the wood-sled, when he heard there was sleighing on the old road, and it was decided that the whole party should go in the wood-sled, with the exception of Mr. Peterkin, who would follow on with the carry-all. Mrs. Peterkin would take the arm-chair, and cushions were put in for Elizabeth Eliza, and more apple-pie for all. No more drops of rain appeared, though the clouds were thickening over the setting sun.

"All the way back again," sighed Mrs. Peterkin, "when we might have staid at home all day, and gone quietly out to the New Hall!" But the little boys thought the sledding all day was great fun,—and the apple-pie! "And we did see the kettle, through the cracks of the shanty!"

"It is odd the festival should be held at the New Hall," said Elizabeth Eliza; "for the secretary did say something about the society meeting there to-night, being so far from the center of the town."

This hall was so called because it was once a new hall, built to be used for lectures, assemblies, and entertainments of this sort, for the convenience of the inhabitants who had collected about some flourishing factories.

"You can go to your own Circumambient Society, then!" exclaimed Solomon John.

"And in a truly circumambient manner," said Agamemnon; and he explained to the little boys that they could now understand the full meaning of the word. For surely Elizabeth Eliza had taken the most circumambient way of reaching the place, by coming away from it.

"We little thought, when we passed it early this morning," said Elizabeth Eliza, "that we should come back to it for our maple sugar."

"It is odd the secretary did not tell you they were going to join the sugar festival," said Mrs. Peterkin.

"It is one of the rules of the society," said Elizabeth Eliza, "that the secretary never tells anything directly. She only hinted at the plan of the New Hall."

"I don't see how you can find enough to talk about," said Solomon John.

"We can tell of things that never have happened," said Elizabeth Eliza, "or that are not likely to happen, and wonder what would have happened if they had happened."

They arrived at the festival at last, but very late, and glad to find a place that was warm. There was a stove at each end of the hall, and an encouraging sound and smell from the simmering

sirup. There were long tables down the hall, on which were placed, in a row, first a bowl of snow, then a pile of saucers and spoons, then a plate of pickles, intended to whet the appetite for more sirup; another of bread, then another bowl of snow, and so on. Hot sirup was to be poured on the snow, and eaten as candy.

The Peterkin family were received at this late hour with a wild enthusiasm. Elizabeth Eliza was an especial heroine, and was made directly the president of the evening. Everybody said that she had best earned the distinction. For had she not come to the meeting by the longest way possible, by going away from it? The secretary declared that the principles of the society had been completely carried out. She had always believed that, if left to itself, information would spread itself in a natural instead of a forced way.

"Now, in this case, if I had written twenty-nine notifications to this meeting, I should have wasted just so much of my time. But the information has disseminated naturally. Ann Maria said what a good plan it would be to have the Circumambients go to the sugaring at the New Hall. Everybody

said it would be a good plan. Elizabeth Eliza came and spoke of the sugaring, and I spoke of the New Hall."

"But if you had told Elizabeth Eliza that all the maple sirup was to be brought here ——" began Mrs. Peterkin.

"We should have lost our excursion for maple sirup," said Mr. Peterkin.

Later, as they reached home in the carry-all (Hiram having gone back with the wood-sled), Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin, after leaving little boys at their homes all along the route, found none of their own to get out at their own door. They must have joined Elizabeth Eliza, Agamemnon, and Solomon John, in taking a circuitous route home with the rest of the Circumambients.

"The little boys will not be at home till midnight," said Mrs. Peterkin, anxiously. "I do think this is carrying the thing too far—after such a day!"

"Elizabeth Eliza will feel that she has acted up to the principles of the society," said Mr. Peterkin, "and we have done our best; for, as the little boys said, 'we did see the kettle.'"



A RACE IN MID-AIR.

POEMS BY A LITTLE GIRL.

BY LIBBIE HAWES (AGED TEN YEARS).

SONG OF THE ROBIN.

"Don't you think so? Don't you think so?"
 Sang the robin in the tree—
 "Pretty maiden—don't you think so?
 Say—why don't you answer me?
 I am waiting,—yes, I'm waiting,
 Very patiently.
 Tell me, darling, please do tell me.
 Don't you want to? Well, I see,
 You are sleeping, and don't hear me,
 And I'll say good-bye to thee."
 And he flew off from the tree,
 Singing gayly, "Don't you think so? Don't you
 think so?
 Darling, please to answer me."

Suddenly the baby awakened,
 Cooing softly with delight,
 And the robin thought he heard her
 Say, as from her sight
 Through the air he flew,
 "Oh, yes! Robin—yes—I do!"

THE DIFFERENCE.

The boy :

HE goes a-fishing in the brook,
 And deems it great to catch a minnow;
 Hides carefully his small barbed hook,
 And then runs home to get his dinner.

The man :

BUT man goes on a larger scale;
 He takes no little paltry pail,
 But glories in a jolly gale.
 And, when the day is o'er,
 He rows home to the shore,
 And spreads his overflowing nets,
 And is very thankful for all he gets.

THE DEATH OF A DAISY.

"T WAS a solitary daisy
 In a field of wheat and corn;
 Sad and sadder grew this daisy,
 Till, one lovely summer morn,
 She sent two fairy messengers
 To old Professor Thorn,
 Who lived in the end of the garden,
 In a withered stalk of corn.

But they were truant messengers,
 And played the livelong day—
 Playing with two young butterflies,
 In a little pile of hay.

For a long time daisy waited,
 Watched and waited all in vain,
 Till a passing leaflet told her
 They would never come again.

Then she folded up her petals,—
 Her petals all so white,—
 And she died that very evening,
 In the lovely sunset light.

OUR TOMMY'S NOISE.

OUR Tommy straddles his rocking-horse,
 And each day goes off to the fight;
 He shoulders his sword, which is made of a board,
 And "goes it" with all his might.
 Most bullets, you know, are made of lead,
 But his are made of gingerbread;
 You should hear him shout as he rides along,
 While his stirrup-bell goes "ding-ding-dong."
 Most musketry makes a mighty noise,
 Which could not be made by a 1,000 boys;
 But somehow Tom makes a bigger noise
 Than ever was made by 1,000,000 boys.



PHAETON ROGERS.*

BY ROSSITER JOHNSON.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ART DESERVATIVE.



WHEN Phaeton's kites went wobbling down the sky, Owny Geoghegan, and three or four others of the Dublin boys who had escaped their mothers, started off on a chase for them. Phaeton, Ned, Holman, and I took the car up the bank, and when we arrived at the top we saw Monkey Roe walking away pretty rapidly.

"*Gravitas pro vehiculum!*—wait for the wagon!" shouted Holman to him.

Roe seemed a little uncertain whether to stop, but finally leaned against the fence and waited for us.

I observed that the drove of cattle had gone down to a shallow place in the canal on the other side of the bridge, and were most of them standing in the water, either drinking or contemplating. Their drivers were throwing stones at them, and saying uncomplimentary things, but they took it philosophically—which means they did n't mind it much. When you are stolidly indifferent to anything that ought to move you, your friends will say you take it philosophically.

"Was n't it an odd thing, Roe," said Holman, "that all those Dublin boys should have got the idea that a prize was offered for anybody who could beat this machine?"

"Yes, it was very odd," said Roe. "Fay, what sort of wood is this?"

"Chestnut."

"But I say, Roe," continued Holman, "who in the world could have told them so?"

"Probably somebody who was fond of a practical joke," said Roe. "Who did the blacksmith work, Fay?"

"Fanning."

"And I suppose," persisted Holman, still talking to Roe, "that it must have been the same practical joker who sent their mothers after them."

"Very likely," said Roe, in a tone of indifference. "Are you going to get the kites and harness her up again, Fay?"

"Have n't made up my mind."

It was evident that Monkey Roe did n't want to talk about the mystery of the Dublin boys, and Holman—probably satisfied by this time that his

suspicions were correct—himself changed the subject.

"When I saw this thing tearing down the turnpike," said he, "with all that rabble at its heels, and go to smash in the canal, I was reminded of the story of Phaeton, which I had for my Latin lesson last week."

Of course, we asked him to tell the story.

"Phaeton," said Holman, "was a young scapegrace who was fond of fast horses, and thought there was nothing on four legs or any number of wheels that he could n't drive. His father was the Sun-god, Helios—which is probably a corruption of 'Held a hoss' (I must ask Jack-in-the-Box about it)—and his mother's maiden name was Clymene—which you can easily see is only changed a little from 'climb-iny.' This shows how Phaeton came by his passion for climbing in the chariot and holding the hoeses."

"One day, one of the boys, named Epaphus, tried to pick a quarrel with him by saying that he was not really a son of Helios, but was only adopted out of the poor-house. Phaeton felt pretty badly about it, for he did n't know but it might be true. So he went home as fast as he could, and asked Helios, right out plump, whether he was his own son, or only adopted out of the poor-house. 'Certainly,' said the old gentleman, 'you are my own son, and always have been, ever since you were born.'"

"This satisfied Phaeton, but he was afraid it might not satisfy the boys who had heard Epaphus's remark. So he begged to be allowed to drive the chariot of the Sun one day, just to show people that he was his father's own boy. Helios shook his head. That was a very particular job; the chariot had to go out on time and come in on time, every day, and there could n't be any fooling about it. But the youngster hung on and teased so, that at last his father told him he might drive just one day, if he would never ask again."

"Did he have a gag-bit?" said Ned, remembering his brother's remarks on the occasion of our brisk morning canter.

"Probably not," said Holman, "for gag-bits were not then invented. The next morning old Helios gave the boy all the instructions he could about the character of the horses and the bad places in the road, and started him off."

"He had n't gone very far when the team ran away with him, and went banging along at a terri-

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ble rate, knocking fixed stars out of their places, overturning and scattering an immense pile of new ones that had been corded up at the side of the road to dry (that's what makes the Milky Way), and at last setting the world on fire.

"Jupiter saw that something must be done, pretty quick, too, so he threw a sand-bag, or a thunder-bolt, or something of that sort, at him, and knocked over the chariot, and the next minute it went plump into the river Eridanus—which I've no doubt is the Latin for Erie Canal. You can easily see how it would come: Erie canal—Erie ditch—Erie drain—Erie drainus—Eridanus. That's the way Professor Woodruff explains words to the advanced class. He can tell you where any word came from in two minutes.

"Phaeton was n't so lucky as you, Fay, for there was no Patsy Rafferty to pull him out, and he was drowned, while his poor sisters stood on the tow-path and cried till they turned into poplar-trees."

We were deeply interested in this remarkable story from Grecian mythology, told in good plain American, and from our report Holman was often called upon to repeat it. It was this that gave Fayette Rogers the name of Phaeton.

The fate of the horizontal balloon for a time dampened Phaeton's ardor for invention, and he was willing at last to unite with Ned and me in an enterprise which promised to be more business-like than brilliant—the printing-office scheme.

Meanwhile, we had been doing what we could ourselves. The first necessity was a press. Ned, whom we considered a pretty good draughtsman, drew a plan for one, and he and I made it. There was nothing wrong about the plan; it was strong and simple—two great virtues in any machine. But we constructed the whole thing of soft pine, the only wood that we could command, or that our tools would have cut. Consequently, when we put on the pressure to print our first sheet—feeling as proud as if we were Faust, Gutenberg, Schœffer, the Elzevirs, Ben Franklin, and the whole Manutius family, rolled into one—not only did the face of the types go into the paper, but the bottoms of them went right into the bed of the press.

"It acts more like a pile-driver than a printing-press," said Ned, ruefully.

"It'll never do," said I. "We can't get along without Fay. When he makes a press, it will print."

"When Fay makes a press," said Ned, "he'll probably hire somebody else to make it. But I guess that's the sensible way. I suppose the boys would laugh at this thing, even if it worked well; it looks so dreadfully cheese-pressy."

"It does look a little that way," said I. "But

Fay will get up something handsome, and I've no doubt we can find some good use for this—perhaps keep it in the corner for the boys to fool with when they call. They'll be certain to meddle with something, and this may keep their hands away from the good one."

"I don't intend to run the office on any such principles," said Ned. "The boy that meddles with anything will be invited to leave."

"Then you'll make them all angry, and there won't be any good-will to it," said I. "I've heard Father say the good-will of the *Vindicator* office was worth more than all the types and presses. He says the *Vindicator* lives on its good-will."

"That may be all very nice for the *Vindicator*," said Ned; "but this office will have to live on hard work."

"But we must be polite to the boys that patronize the establishment," said I.

"Oh yes; be polite to them, of course," said Ned. "But tell them they've got to keep out of our way when the press is running."

Whether the press ever would have run, or even crawled, without Phaeton to manage it, is doubtful. But he now joined in the enterprise, and very soon organized the concern. As Ned had predicted, he hired a man, who was a carriage-maker by trade, but had a genius for odd jobs, to make us a press. In those days, the small iron presses which are now manufactured in great numbers, and sold to boys throughout the country, had not been heard of. Ours was a pretty good one, made partly of wood and partly of iron, with a powerful knee-joint, which gave a good impression. The money to pay for it came from Aunt Mercy *via* Ned.

There was a small, unused building in our yard, about fifteen feet square, sometimes called "the wash-house," and sometimes "the summer-kitchen," now abandoned and almost empty. Phaeton, looking about for a place for the proposed printing-office, fixed upon this as the very thing that was wanted. He said it could not have been better if it had been built on purpose.

After some negotiation with my parents, their consent was obtained, and Phaeton and Ned took me into partnership, I furnishing the building, and they furnishing the press and types. We agreed that the name of the firm should be Rogers & Co. On the gable of the office we erected a short flag-staff, cut to the form of a printer's "shooting-stick," and whenever the boys saw the Stars and Stripes floating from it, they knew the office was open for business.

"This font of Tuscan," said Ned to Phaeton, as we were putting the office in order, "is not going to be so useless as you suppose, even if the Es are all gone."

"How so?" said Phaeton.

"Because I asked a printer about it, and he says when you find a box empty you simply use some other letter in place of the one that is missing—generally X. And here are plenty of Xs."

Phaeton only smiled, and went on distributing type into his case of pica.

"I say, Fay," said Ned, again, after a while, "don't you think it would be proper to do a little something for Patsy Rafferty, just to show your gratitude for his services in pulling you out of the canal?"

"I've thought about it," said Phaeton.

Phaeton. "But I've invited him to come over here this afternoon, and perhaps we can find out what he would like."

Patsy came in the afternoon, and was made acquainted with some of the mysteries of printing. After a while, Ned showed him what he intended to print on a dozen cards for him.

"It's very nice," said Patsy; "but that's not my name."

"Not your name?" said Ned.

"No," said Patsy. "My father's name is Mr. Patsy Rafferty, Esquire; but I'm only Patsy Rafferty, without any handle or tail to it."



AT WORK IN THE PRINTING-OFFICE.

"We might print him a dozen cards with his name on," said Ned, "and not charge him a cent. Get them up real stylish—red ink, perhaps; or Patsy in black and Rafferty in red; something that'll please him." And Ned immediately set up the name in Tuscan, to see how it would look. It looked like this:

MR. PATSY RAFFERTY, XSQ.

"How do you think he'd like that, done in two colors?" said Ned.

"I don't believe he'd care much about it," said

Ned. "If that's all that ails it," said Ned, "it's easy enough to take off the handle and tail," and he took them off.

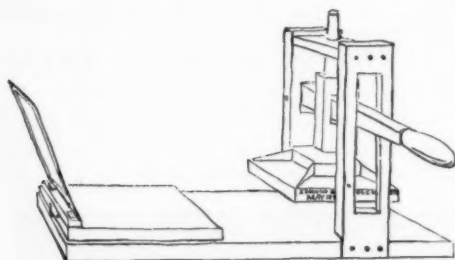
Patsy took another look at it.

"That's not exactly the way I spell my name," said he. "There ought to be an E there, instead of an X."

"Of course there ought," said Ned, "but you see we have n't any Es in that style of type, and it's an old-established rule in all printing-offices that when there's a letter you have n't got, you simply put an X in place of it. Everybody understands it."

"I did n't understand it," said Patsy, "and I think my name looks better when it's spelled the way I was christened."

"All right!" said Ned. "We'll make it as you



NED'S PLAN FOR A PRESS.

want it; but it'll have to be set in some other kind of type, and that Tuscan is the prettiest thing in the office."

Patsy still preferred correctness to beauty, and had his way.

"And now what color will you have?" said Ned. "We can print it in black, or red, or blue, or partly one color and partly another—almost any color, in fact."

Patsy, true to the tradition of his ancestors, chose green.

"I'm awful sorry," said Ned, "but we have n't any green ink. It's about the only color we have n't got."

"You can make it by mixing blue and yellow together," said Patsy.

"True," said Ned; "but the fact is, we have n't any yellow. Green and yellow are about the only colors we have n't got."

After studying the problem a few minutes, Patsy chose to have his visiting-cards printed in alternate red and blue letters, and we set about it at once, Ned arranging the types, while I took the part of devil and managed the ink. As they were to be in two colors, of course each card had to go through the press twice; and they were not very accurately "registered," as a printer would say—that is, the red letters, instead of coming exactly on even spaces between the blue, would sometimes be too far one way, sometimes too far the other, sometimes even lapping over the blue letters. But out of fifty or sixty that we printed, Patsy selected thirteen that he thought would do—"a dozen, and one for luck"—and without waiting for them to dry, packed them together and put them into his pocket, expressing his own admiration and anticipating his mother's. He even intimated that when she saw those she would probably order some for herself, for she very often went out calling.

Patsy asked about Phaeton's chariot, and whether it was hurt much when it went into the canal.

"Hardly damaged at all," said Phaeton.

Patsy hinted that he would like to see it, and he and Phaeton went over to Rogers's. When Phaeton returned, an hour later, he was alone.

"Where's Patsy?" said Ned.

"Gone home with the chariot," said Phaeton.

"Gone home with the chariot?" said Ned, in astonishment.

"Yes," said Phaeton, "I have given it to him. I saw by the way he looked at it and talked about it that it would be a great prize to him, and I did n't intend to use it any more myself, so I made him a present of it."

"But you had no right to," said Ned. "That chariot was built with my money."

"Not exactly," said Phaeton. "It was built with money that I borrowed of you. I still owe you the money, but the car was mine."

"Well, at any rate," said Ned, who saw this point clearly enough, "you might have sold the iron on it for enough to buy another font of type."

"Yes, I might," said Phaeton. "But I preferred giving it to Patsy. He's a good deal of a boy, and I hope Father won't forget that he said he should do something for him."

"But what use will the car be to him?" said Ned.

"He says it'll be a glorious thing to slide downhill in summer," said Phaeton.

A few days afterward, Patsy came again to see Phaeton, and wanted to know if he could not invent some means by which the car could be prevented from going downhill too fast. He said that when Berny Rourke and Lukey Finnerty and he took their first ride in it, down one of the long, grassy slopes that bordered the Deep Hollow, it went swifter and swifter, until it reached the edge of the brook, where it struck a lump of sod and threw them all into the water.

"Water is an excellent thing," said Ned, "for a sudden stoppage of a swift ride. They always use it in horizontal balloon-ascensions, and on the Underground Railroad they're going to build all the depots of it."

Phaeton, who appeared to be thinking deeply, only smiled, and said nothing. At last he exclaimed:

"I have it, Patsy! Come with me."

They went off together, and Phaeton hunted up an old boot, the leg of which he drove full of shingle-nails, driving them from the inside outward. Then he filled it with stones and sand, and sewed the top together. Then he found a piece of rope, and tied one end to the straps.

"There, Patsy," said he, "tie the other end of

the rope to one of the hooks on the car, and take the boot in with you. When you are going fast enough, throw it out for a drag. I don't believe a streak of lightning could make very good headway, if it had to pull that thing along on the ground after it." *

Patsy, Berny, and Lukey tried it, but were thrown into the brook as before. Phaeton said the true remedy was, more old boots; and they added one after another, till they had a cluster of seven, which acted as an effectual drag, and completely tamed the spirit of the machine, after which it soon became the most popular institution in Dublin. Patsy said seven was one of the lucky numbers.

To return to the printing business. When I was about to sit down at the tea-table that evening, Mother exclaimed:

"What in the world ails your hands?"

I looked at them. Some of my fingers were more red than blue, some more blue than red, and some about equally red and blue. I said I guessed Patsy Rafferty's visiting-cards were what ailed my hands.

"Well, I wish you 'd wash your hands of Patsy Rafferty's visiting-cards," said she.

"Can't do it with any such slimsy water as we have here," said I.

"And where do they have any that is less slimsy?" said Mother.

"At printing-offices," said I. "They put a little lye in it. We have n't any at our office, but that 's the next thing we 're going to buy. Don't worry; it wont rub off on the bread and butter, and we shall have a can of lye next week."

"The next thing to be done," said Ned, when we had the office fairly in running order, "is, to get up a first-rate business card of our own, have it large enough, print it in colors, and make 'a stunning thing of it."

"That reminds me," said Phaeton, "that I was talking with Jack-in-the-Box about our office the other day, and I told him we ought to have a pretty poetical motto to put up over the door. He suggested two or three, and wrote them down. Perhaps one of them would look well on the card."

"What are they?" said Ned.

After some searching, Phaeton found a crumpled paper in one of his pockets, and, smoothing it out, showed the following, hastily scratched in pencil:

Faith, he 'll prent it.—Burns.
I have misused the king's press.—Shakespeare.
So careful of the type she seems.—Tennyson.

"I don't like one of them," said Ned.

"Why not?" said Phaeton.

"Well, that first one is spelled wrong. We *print* here, we don't *prent*."

"But it means the same thing," said Phaeton; "that 's the Scotch of it. Burns was Scotch."

"Was he?" said Ned. "Well, I never heard of him before, and we don't want any of his Scotch spelling. That second motto is all wrong; the press belongs to us, not to any king, and we 're not going to misuse it. The third one would do pretty well, but it says 'she,' and we 're not girls."

"Perhaps you can think of a better one," said Phaeton.

"Yes, I can," said Ned; "I heard Uncle Hiram say that printing was called the art deservative of all arts. That would be just the motto."

"What does it mean?" said I.

"It means," said Ned, "that printers deserve more than any other artists."

"Did n't he say *preservative*?" said Phaeton.

"Oh, no," said Ned; "that would n't mean anything. Printing has nothing to do with preserving—unless we should print the labels for Mother's fruit-cans next fall. He said 'deservative,' I heard him distinctly, and we 'll put it on the card."

"Very well," said Phaeton; "you write the card and set it up, according to your own taste, and we 'll see how we like it."

The next day, Phaeton and I went fishing. While we were gone Ned set up the card, and on our return we found, to our consternation, that he had not only set it up, but printed scores of them, and given away a good many to the boys. It was in three colors—black, blue, and red—and ran as follows:

"The Art Deservitive of al Arts."

ROGERS & CO.

GOB PRINTERS,

At the Sine of the Shootinß Stick.

cards

posters

leter heads



books

doggers

handbils

programes, &c.

The undesigned are prepared to exicute all kinsps of Gob Printing on short notice, and in the most artistic maner.

Call and sxx our xtablishmænt !

Visitors are wellcome, and will be showed through the works by a poalite attendant.

N. B. The Pen is mißhtyer than the Sward.

"Good gracious, Ned!" said Phaeton, "why did you print this thing before we had seen it?"

"Because I felt sure you'd like it," said Ned, "and I wanted to surprise you."

"You've succeeded amazingly in that," said Phaeton.

"I hope there's nothing wrong about it," said Ned. "I took a great deal of pains with it. Oh, yes; now I see, there's one letter upside down. But what of that? Very few people will notice it, and they will know it's an accident."

"One?" said Phaeton. "There are half a dozen standing on their heads. And that's not the worst. Just look at the spelling!"

"I don't see anything wrong about that," said Ned. "You must remember that what's wrong by Webster may be right by Worcester."

"What do you call that?" said Phaeton, pointing at the first word in the third line.

"Job, of course," said Ned. "Some people spell it with a J, but that can't be right. J-o-b spells Job, the name of that king of Israel who had so many boils on him at once."

"He was n't king of Israel," said Phaeton.

"Well, king of Judah, then," said Ned. "I always get those two mixed. What's the use of being too particular? Those old kings are all as dead now as Julia Caesar. And everybody knows how dead she is."

"Well, then, what's this?" said Phaeton, pointing to the second word on the right-hand side of the press.

"Don't you know what dodgers are?" said Ned. "Little bills with 'Bankrupt Sale!' or 'Great Excitement!' or something of that sort across the top, to throw around in the yards, or hand to the people coming out of church."

"Oh, yes; dodgers," said Phaeton. "But I never saw it spelled so before. Have you given out many of these cards?"

"I gave one to Holman," said Ned, "and one to Monkey Roe, and one to Jack-in-the-Box."

"What did Jack-in-the-Box say to it?" said Phaeton.

"Oh, he admired it amazingly," said Ned. "He said it was the most entertaining business-card he had ever seen. But he thought, perhaps, it would be well for us to have a proof-reader. I asked him what that was, and he said it was a round-shouldered man, with a green shade over his eyes, who knew everything. He sits in the corner of your office, and when you print anything he reads the first one and marks the mistakes on it, so you can correct them before you print any more. We might get Jimmy the Rhymers; he's awful round-shouldered, but he does n't know everything. The only man in this town who knows everything

is Jack-in-the-Box himself, and I suppose we could n't get him."

"I suppose not," said Phaeton, "though I know he'd look over a proof for us, any time we took one to him. But now tell me whether you've given out any more of these cards."

"Well, yes, a few," said Ned. "Patsy Rafferty was over here; he rolled for me, or I could n't have got them done so soon; and when he went home, he took fifty to leave at the doors of the houses on his way. I thought if we were going to do business, it was time to be letting people know about it."

"Just so," said Phaeton. "And is that all?"

"Not quite. Uncle Jacob was going to ride out to Parma, and I gave him about forty, and asked him to hand them to people he met on the way."

"Y-e-s," said Phaeton, with a deep sigh; "and is that all?"

"I put a dozen or two on that little shelf by the post-office window," said Ned, "so that anybody who came for his letters could take one. And now that's all; and I hope you won't worry over one or two little mistakes. Everybody makes some mistakes. There is no use in pretending to be perfect. But if you two fellows had been here in the office, instead of going off to enjoy yourselves fishing and leaving me to do all the work, you might have had the old card just as you wanted it. Of course you'd have spelled it right, but there might have been bad taste about it that would look worse than my spelling. And now I'm going home to supper."

"The worst thing about Ned," said Phaeton, after he had gone, "is, that there's too much go-ahead in him. Very few people are troubled in that way."

"But what are we going to do about that dreadful card?" said I. "When the people see that, they may be afraid to give us any jobs, for fear we'll misspell everything."

"I don't know what we can do about it," said Phaeton, "unless we get out a good one, and say on it that no others are genuine. I must think about it over night."

CHAPTER X.

TORMENTS OF TYPOGRAPHY.

IN spite of Ned's declaration that he would tolerate no loungers, the office soon became a favorite gathering-place for the boys of the neighborhood; which fact contributed nothing to the speed or accuracy of the work. They made us a great deal of trouble at first, for few of them knew better than to take a type out of one box, examine it curiously, and throw it into another; or lift a

page of type that had just been set up, "to see how heavy it was," and let it drop into a mass of pi. They got over this after a while, but they never did quite get over the habit of discussing all sorts of questions in a loud voice; and sometimes, when we happened to be setting type, and were interested in what they were talking about, fragments of the conversation would mingle in our minds with the copy before us, and the curious effect would horrify us in the proof.

For instance, Monkey Roe's mother had employed us to print her a few copies of Mrs. Opie's poem, "The Orphan Boy," which she had known since she was a child, and very greatly admired, but of which she had never had any but a manuscript copy. While I was setting it up, three boys were carrying on an animated discussion of the city fire department, and when I took a proof of my work, I found it read like this:

Stay, lady, stay, for mercy's sake,

And hear the Brick Church bell strike the 4th District. Ah! sure my looks must pity no by crackle Orph Bo Cataract Eight can't begin to throw the stream that Red Rover Three can—Tis want that makes Reliance Five wash my cheek so pale at annual inspection.

Yet I was once a mother's pride, Three's men cut her hose at the Orchard street fire before Big Six's air chamber busted my brave father's hope and joy.

But in the Nile's proud fight he sucked Archer's well dry in three minutes and a half, and I am now Assistant Foreman of Torrent Two with a patent brake on the Orphan Boy.

I am afraid if Monkey's mother had seen that, she would hardly have recognized it as the first stanza of her favorite poem. Instead of feeling sorry for spoiling my work, the boys seemed to think it was a good joke, and nearly laughed their heads off over it. They insisted on my printing a few copies of it, just as it was, for them to keep. Next time I saw Jack-in-the-Box, he showed me one of them pasted into a little old scrap-book that he kept under his chair. On the opposite page was one of our business cards, as printed by Ned. Jack very kindly explained to me some of the mysteries of proof-reading.

"The next thing to be done," said Ned, when the office was fairly in running order, "is, to get out Jimmy the Rhymer's poems. That's what we got up the establishment for, and it'll be more profitable than all these little puttering jobs-put together. And, besides, Jimmy's awful poor, and needs the money. I've been around to the book-stores and told them about it. Hamilton promises

to take ten copies, and Hoyt twenty-five. When they see how good the poems are, they'll be sure to double their orders; and when the other stores



THE MEDDLESOME POET.

see the book going off like hot cakes, they'll rush in and want to buy some, but they'll have to wait their turn. First come, first served."

There were enough of Jimmy's poems to make a little book of about sixty pages, and we all went to work with a will to set the type. It would have been a pretty long job for us, as it was, but Jimmy made it a great deal longer, and nearly drove us crazy, by insisting on making changes in them after they were set up. He could not understand how much extra work this made for us, and was as particular and persistent as if his whole reputation

as an author had hung on each disputed comma. Sometimes, when we had four pages all ready to print, he would bring in a new stanza, to be inserted in the first page of the form, which, of course, made it necessary to change the arrangement of the stanzas on all the other pages. At last Ned got out of patience.

"You try it yourself once," said he to Jimmy, "and you'll find out whether it's easy to make all these little changes, as you call them."

Jimmy secretly made up his mind that he would try it himself. He went to the office one day when we were not there, found four pages "locked up" ready for printing, and went to work to make a few corrections. As he did not know how to unlock the form, he stood it up on edge, got a ten-penny nail and a mallet, and tried to knock out an obnoxious semicolon.

The result was a sudden bursting of the form, which rattled down into ruin at his feet, and frightened the meddlesome poet out of his wits.

In his bewilderment, Jimmy scooped up a double handful of the pi, and was in the act of pouring it pell-mell into one of the cases, when Phaeton, Ned, and I arrived at the door of the office.

Ned, who saw him first, and instantly comprehended the situation, gave a terrific yell, which caused Jimmy to drop the handful of type, some of which went into the case, and the rest spattered over the floor.

"Are you trying to ruin the office?" said Ned. "Don't you know better than to pi a forn, and then throw the pi into the cases? After all the trouble we've had with your old poems, you ought to have more gratitude than that."

Jimmy was pale with terror, and utterly dumb.

"Hold on, Ned," said Phaeton, laying his hand on his brother's shoulder. "You ought to have sense enough to know that it must have been an accident of some sort. Of course Jimmy would n't do it purposely."

"Pieing the form may have been an accident," said Ned; "but when he scoops up a double handful of the pi and goes to pouring it into the case, that can't be an accident. And it was my case, too, and I was the one that did everything for him, and was going to bring him out as a poet in the world's history. If he had behaved himself, I'd have set him up in business in a little while, so he could have made as much money as Sir Walter Tupper, or any of those other fellows that you read to us about. And now, just look at that case of mine, with probably every letter of the alphabet in every box of it."

"But I tell you it must have been a mere accident," said Phaeton. "Was n't it, Jimmy?"

"Suppose it was an accident," said Ned; "the

question is, *whose* accident was it? If it had been my accident, I should expect to pay for it."

Phaeton took hold of his brother's arm with a quiet but powerful grasp, and led him to the door.

"You're needlessly excited, Ned," said he. "Go outside till you get cooled off." And he put him out and shut the door.

Then he asked Jimmy how it happened, and Jimmy told us about it.

"I'm sorry you poured any of it into the cases," said Phaeton. "For, you see, the cases have a different letter in every box, and if you take a handful of type like that and pour it in at random, it makes considerable trouble."

"Oh, yes; I knew all that before," said Jimmy; "but when the form burst, and I saw the type all in a mess on the floor, I was so frightened I lost my head, and did n't know what I was about. I wish I could pay for it," he added, as he left the office.

"Don't let it trouble you too much," said Phaeton.

For a long time Jimmy did not come near us again, and as he had carried off the copy of his remaining poems, that enterprise came to an end, for the time being, at least.

There was no lack of other jobs, but we sometimes had a little trouble in collecting the bills. Small boys would keep coming to order visiting-cards by the hundred, with their name on them in ornamental letters,—boys who never used any visiting-card but a long, low whistle, and never had a cent of money except on Fourth of July. When Phaeton or I was there, they were given to understand that a pressure of other work compelled us to decline theirs with regret; but, if they found Ned alone, they generally persuaded him that they had good prospects of getting money from some source or other, and so went away with the cards in their pockets.

There was no lack of advice, either. The boys who lounged in the office were always proposing new schemes. The favorite one seemed to be the publication of a small paper, which some of them promised to write for, others to get advertisements for, and others to distribute. After the book of poems had come to an untimely end, Ned was fierce for going into the paper scheme; but Phaeton figured it up, declared we should have to do an immense amount of work for about a cent an hour, and put an effectual veto on the plan.

Charlie Garrison, who, while the other boys only lounged and gossiped, had "learned the case," and quietly picked up a good deal of knowledge of the trade, intimated one day that he would like to be taken into the partnership.

"Yes," said Ned; "there's work enough here

for another man; but you'd have to put in some capital, you know." Saying this, Ned looked rather closely at Charlie, who never was known to have pocket-money excepting at Christmas and Fourth of July, and, perhaps, on circus days.

"Put in capitals wherever they belong, of course," said Charlie; "begin proper names and every line of poetry."

"I mean money," said Ned. "Money's called capital, you know, when it's put into business. We put capital into this office, and you'd have to, if we took you into partnership."

"Oh, that's it," said Charlie, musingly. "Well, I suppose I could; we live on the Bowl System at our house; but I should hardly like to take it."

"The Bowl System? What in the world is that?" said Ned, inclined to laugh. "Soup, or bread-and-milk, for every meal?"

"No; not that at all," said Charlie. "You see, on the highest shelf in our pantry there's a two-quart bowl, with a blue-and-gold rim around it. Whenever any of the family gets any money, he puts it into that bowl; and whenever any of us want any money, we take it out of that bowl. I've seen the bowl full of money, and I've seen it when it had only five cents in it. The fullest I ever saw

it was just before sister Edith was married. For a long time they all kept putting in as much as they could, and hardly took out anything at all, till the bowl got so full that the money slid off from the top. Then they took it all out, and went and bought her wedding things. And oh, you ought to have seen them! Stacks and stacks of clothes that I don't even know the names of."

"Then I suppose you could help yourself to all the capital you want, out of the bowl," said Ned, mentally comparing the Bowl System with his own source of capital in Aunt Mercy.

"Yes, I could," said Charlie; "but I should n't like to; and I never yet took out any, for I am the only one of the family that never puts anything into it. Perhaps other people don't know it by that name, but brother George calls it living on the Bowl System."

"Why don't you put the money into the bank?" said Phaeton.

"Father had a lot of money in a bank once," said Charlie; "but it broke, and he said he'd never put in any more."

"I wish we lived on the Bowl System at our house," said Monkey Roe. "It would n't be many days before I'd have a velocipede and a double-barreled pistol."

(To be continued.)



THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE WHERE GRANDMOTHER LEARNED TO READ.

THE ST. NICHOLAS TREASURE-BOX OF LITERATURE.

WHEN this Treasure-Box was first opened, dear readers, it was stated that we should say little about the various authors, but leave you to find out the facts concerning them for yourselves. And, this month, we give you a scene from a great writer, of whom very many of you, we are sure, will not need to be told,—for what reading boy or girl does not know something about the author of “Ivanhoe,” and “Kenilworth,” and “Rob Roy,” and “The Tales of a Grandfather,” and all the rest of that delightful list? For more than fifty years, countless readers, old and young, have bent long and lovingly over those enchanted pages, that glow with vivid pomp and pageantry, and resound with the clash of sword and shield. The time which they describe is an era full of fascination for us all—the age of chivalry, the time of romance, with its tilts and tournaments, its plumed and mail-clad knights on prancing steeds, with spear and battle-ax gleaming in the sun, and its fair ladies looking on from rich pavilions crowned with floating pennants. It was a time of prowess and adventure, that stirs the blood as we read about it.

And nowhere else is this time pictured so truly and vividly as in the works of this great author. When these books were first printed, the writer's name was withheld. But such a secret, you may be sure, could not be kept for long. No wonder the readers of that day were bent on knowing who this mighty magician was. And no wonder, either, that if the question should be asked to-day, any English-speaking boy or girl could answer promptly enough. For all the world knows now that this best portrayal of the men and manners of the age of chivalry was Sir Walter Scott.

But it is not alone the prince and the knight-errant,

the countess and the court-lady, who figure in his pages. These were, indeed, the foremost people of that time, and the greatest good or the worst misfortune usually befell them because their station was loftiest. But there were also men of all degrees, who served these titled folk as counselors, attendants, lackeys, and soldiers;—there were hermits who had wearied of the often false and shameful life of the court and had fled to the solitude of rocks and caves; there were peasants who lived their own quiet, patient life in the fields; and there were yeomen of stout heart and keen eyes, and wild, merry, woodland ways, whom no flattery could persuade and no threats subdue. We think Sir Walter has made these jovial foresters, who met and sang beneath the green-wood tree, quite as interesting as the knights who broke their lances against each other in the noise and dust of the tournament—and so it is about one of these sturdy yeomen that we ask you to read here. You will like the bold archer “Locksley,” as he calls himself (though many of you know that he bears in secret a more famous name, which neither we nor you must “tell”). And so clearly has Sir Walter pictured him that we can almost hear the twang of his bowstring and the whir of his unerring arrow.

The account is taken from “Ivanhoe,” and the scene is near the lists at Ashby, where the great tournament has just been fought. Prince John, being suddenly summoned home, decrees a contest in archery, to take place immediately, and offers a prize to the victor. “Locksley's” independent air has already incurred the displeasure of the prince, so that he has other odds to fight against than the skill of the opposing archers.

But now to the story:

THE ARCHERY CONTEST—FROM “IVANHOE”—BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.*

THE sound of the trumpets soon recalled those spectators who had already begun to leave the field; and proclamation was made that Prince John, suddenly called by high and peremptory public duties, held himself obliged to discontinue the entertainments of to-morrow's festival; nevertheless, that, unwilling so many good yeomen should depart without a trial of skill, he was pleased to appoint them, before leaving the ground, presently to execute the competition of archery intended for the morrow. To the best archer, a prize was to be awarded, being a bugle-horn, mounted with silver, and a silken baldric, richly ornamented with a medallion of Saint Hubert, the patron of sylvan sport.

More than thirty yeomen at first presented themselves as competitors, several of whom were rangers and under-keepers in the royal forests of Needwood and Charnwood. When, however, the archers understood with whom they were to be matched, upward of twenty withdrew themselves from the contest, unwilling to encounter the dishonor of almost certain defeat. For in those days the skill

of each celebrated marksman was as well known for many miles around him, as the qualities of a horse trained at Newmarket are familiar to those who frequent that well-known meeting.

The diminished lists of competitors for sylvan fame still amounted to eight. Prince John stepped from his royal seat to view more nearly the persons of these chosen yeomen, several of whom wore the royal livery. Having satisfied his curiosity by this investigation, he looked for the object of his resentment, whom he observed standing on the same spot, and with the same composed countenance which he had exhibited upon the preceding day.

“Fellow,” said Prince John, “I guessed by thy insolent babble thou wert no true lover of the long-bow, and I see thou darest not adventure thy skill among such merry men as stand yonder.”

“Under favor, sir,” replied the yeoman, “I have another reason for refraining to shoot besides the fearing discomfiture and disgrace.”

“And what is thy other reason?” said Prince John, who, for some cause which perhaps he could

* Born at Edinburgh, 1771. Died at Abbotsford, 1832.

not himself have explained, felt a painful curiosity respecting this individual.

"Because," replied the woodsman, "I know not if these yeomen and I are used to shoot at the same marks; and because, moreover, I know not

out of the lists with bow-strings, for a wordy and insolent braggart."

"And how if I refuse to shoot on such a wager?" said the yeoman. "Your Grace's power, supported, as it is, by so many men-at-arms, may

indeed easily strip and scourge me, but can not compel me to bend or to draw my bow."

"If thou refusest my fair proffer," said the prince, "the provost of the lists shall cut thy bow-string, break thy bow and arrows, and expel thee from my presence as a faint-hearted craven."

"This is no fair chance you put on me, proud prince," said the yeoman, "to compel me to peril myself against the best archers of Leicester and Staffordshire, under the penalty of infamy if they should overshoot me. Nevertheless, I will obey your pleasure."

"Look to him close, men-at-arms,"—said Prince John.—"His heart is sinking. I am jealous lest he attempt to escape the trial. And do you, good fellows, shoot boldly round; a buck and a butt of wine are ready for your refreshment, in yonder tent, when the prize is won."

A target was placed at the upper end of the southern avenue which led to the lists. The con-



"I WILL NOTCH HIS SHAFT FOR HIM, HOWEVER."

how your Grace might relish the winning of a third prize by one who has unwittingly fallen under your displeasure."

Prince John colored as he put the question:

"What is thy name, yeoman?"

"Locksley," answered the yeoman.

"Then, Locksley," said Prince John, "thou shalt shoot in thy turn, when these yeomen have displayed their skill. If thou carriest the prize, I will add to it twenty nobles; but if thou lovest it, thou shalt be stript of thy Lincoln green, and scourged

tending archers took their station in turn, at the bottom of the southern access, the distance between that station and the mark allowing full distance for what was called a shot at rovers. The archers, having previously determined by lot their order of precedence, were to shoot each three shafts in succession. The sports were regulated by an officer of inferior rank, termed the provost of the games; for the high rank of the marshals of the lists would have been held degraded, had they condescended to oversee the sports of the yeomanry.

One by one the archers, stepping forward, delivered their shafts yeoman-like and bravely. Of twenty-four arrows, shot in succession, ten were fixed in the target, and the others ranged so near it that, considering the distance of the mark, it was accounted good archery. Of the ten shafts which hit the target, two within the inner ring were shot by Hubert, a forester in the service of Malvoisin,* who was accordingly pronounced victorious.

"Now, Locksley," said Prince John to the bold yeoman, with a bitter smile, "wilt thou try conclusions with Hubert, or wilt thou yield up bow, baldric, and quiver to the provost of the sports?"

"Sith it be no better," said Locksley, "I am content to try my fortune; on condition that, when I have shot two shafts at yonder mark of Hubert's, he shall be bound to shoot one at that which I shall propose."

"That is but fair," answered Prince John, "and it shall not be refused thee. Hubert, if thou dost beat this braggart, I will fill the bugle with silver pennies for thee."

"A man can but do his best," answered Hubert; "but my grandsire drew a good long-bow at Hastings, and I trust not to dishonor his memory."

The former target was now removed, and a fresh one of the same size placed in its room. Hubert, who, as victor in the first trial of skill, had the right to shoot first, took his aim with great deliberation, long measuring the distance with his eye, while he held in his hand his bended bow, with the arrow placed on the string. At length he made a step forward, and raising the bow at the full stretch of his left arm, till the center or grasping-place was nigh level with his face, he drew his bow-string to his ear. The arrow whistled through the air, and lighted within the inner ring of the target, but not exactly in the center.

"You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert," said his antagonist, bending his bow, "or that had been a better shot."

So saying, and without showing the least anxiety to pause upon his aim, Locksley stepped to the appointed station, and shot his arrow as carelessly in appearance as if he had not even looked at the mark. He was speaking almost at the instant that the shaft left the bow-string, yet it alighted in the target two inches nearer to the white spot which marked the center than that of Hubert.

"By the light of heaven!" said Prince John to Hubert, "an' thou suffer that runagate knave to overcome thee, thou art worthy of the gallows!"

Hubert had but one set speech for all occasions.

"An' your Highness were to hang me," he said, "a man can but do his best. Nevertheless, my grandsire drew a good bow —"

"The foul fiend on thy grandsire and all his

generation!" interrupted John. "Shoot, knave, and shoot thy best, or it shall be worse for thee."

Thus exhorted, Hubert resumed his place, and, not neglecting the caution which he had received from his adversary, he made the necessary allowance for a very light air of wind, which had just arisen, and shot so successfully that his arrow alighted in the very center of the target.

"A Hubert! a Hubert!" shouted the populace, more interested in a known person than in a stranger. "In the clout! in the clout!† A Hubert forever!"

"Thou canst not mend that shot, Locksley," said the prince, with an insulting smile.

"I will notch his shaft for him, however," replied Locksley.

And letting fly his arrow with a little more precaution than before, it lighted right upon that of his competitor, which it split to shivers. The people who stood around were so astonished at his wonderful dexterity, that they could not even give vent to their surprise in their usual clamor.

"This must be the devil, and no man of flesh and blood," whispered the yeomen to each other. "Such archery was never seen since a bow was first bent in Britain."

"And now," said Locksley, "I will crave your Grace's permission to plant such a mark as is used in the north country; and welcome every brave yeoman who shall try a shot at it to win a smile from the bonny lass he loves best."

He then turned to leave the lists. "Let your guards attend me," he said. "If you please, I go but to cut a rod from the next willow-bush."

Prince John made a signal that some attendants should follow him in case of his escape; but the cry of "Shame! shame!" which burst from the multitude, induced him to alter his ungenerous purpose.

Locksley returned almost instantly with a willow wand about six feet in length, perfectly straight, and rather thicker than a man's thumb. He began to peel this with great composure, observing, at the same time, that to ask a good woodsman to shoot at a target so broad as had hitherto been used, was to put shame upon his skill. "For his own part," he said, "and in the land where he was bred, men would as soon take for their mark King Arthur's Round-table, which held sixty knights around it. A child of seven years old," he said, "might hit yonder target with a headless shaft; but," added he, walking deliberately to the other end of the lists, and sticking the willow wand upright in the ground, "he that hits that rod at five-score yards, I call him an archer fit to bear both bow and quiver before a king, an' it were the stout King Richard himself."

* A nobleman of the Court.

† Clout,—the center of the target.

"My grandsire," said Hubert, "drew a good bow at the battle of Hastings, and never shot at such a mark in his life—and neither will I. If this yeoman can cleave that rod, I give him the bucklers—or, rather, I yield to the devil that is in his jerkin, and not to any human skill. A man can but do his best, and I will not shoot where I am sure to miss. I might as well shoot at the edge of our parson's whittle, or at a wheat-straw, or at a sunbeam, as at a twinkling white streak which I can hardly see."

"Cowardly dog!" said Prince John. "Sirrah, Locksley, do thou shoot; but if thou hittest such a mark, I will say thou art the first man ever did so. Howe'er it be, thou shalt not crow over us with a mere show of superior skill."

"I will do my best, as Hubert says," answered Locksley. "No man can do more."

So saying, he again bent his bow, but on the present occasion looked with attention to his weapon, and changed the string, which he thought was no longer truly round, having been a little frayed by the two former shots. He then took his aim with some deliberation, and the multitude

awaited the event in breathless silence. The archer vindicated their opinion of his skill: his arrow split the willow rod against which it was aimed. A jubilee of acclamations followed; and even Prince John, in admiration of Locksley's skill, lost for an instant his dislike to his person.

"These twenty nobles," he said, "which, with the bugle, thou hast fairly won, are thine own; we will make them fifty, if thou wilt take livery and service with us as a yeoman of our body-guard, and be near to our person. For never did so strong a hand bend a bow, or so true an eye direct a shaft."

"Pardon me, noble prince," said Locksley; "but I have vowed that if ever I take service, it should be with your royal brother, King Richard. These twenty nobles I leave to Hubert, who has this day drawn as brave a bow as his grandsire did at Hastings. Had his modesty not refused the trial, he would have hit the wand as well as I."

Hubert shook his head as he received with reluctance the bounty of the stranger; and Locksley, anxious to escape further observation, mixed with the crowd and was seen no more.

LIFE is not all conflict and excitement, young friends;—indeed, to many of us it seems often commonplace and dull. And perhaps many a boy and girl, after reading a great romance, feels like sighing, disconsolately, "If I only had a chance to do *such* things!" But to the eyes that are able to see it, the simplest action of every day has its meaning and influence, and so it is good for us, in our reading, to turn from a marvelous exploit like Locksley's to such a poem as "The Planting of the Apple-tree," and learn how equally marvelous, in reality, is the mere placing of a little sprig in the ground. Many a deed that seems trivial may be followed by great

results; and no one can teach us this lesson better, or in sweeter words, than the great American poet, Bryant, whose songs, written out of a calm, thoughtful life, have wrought vast and far-reaching good in the world. You will admire more and more, as you grow older, the noble poems of this great and good man. In ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1878, we told you something of his life, and mentioned the poems that you would most like to read now. "The Planting of the Apple-tree" is one of them, with its beautiful revelation of how the planting is to affect many lives and seasons, and remain forgotten for years and years.

THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE-TREE—BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.*



COME, let us plant the apple-tree,
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;
Wide let its hollow bed be made;
There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mold with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly;
As 'round the sleeping infant's feet
We softly fold the cradle-sheet,
So plant we the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Buds, which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;
Boughs, where the thrush, with crimson breast,
Shall haunt and sing, and hide her nest;

* Born, at Cummington, Massachusetts, 1794. Died, in New York, 1878.



We plant upon the sunny lea
A shadow for the noontide hour,
A shelter from the summer shower,
When we plant the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs
To load the May-wind's restless wings,
When, from the orchard-row, he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors;
A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
We plant with the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And drop, when gentle airs come by,
That fan the blue September sky;

While children come, with cries of glee,
And seek them where the fragrant grass
Betrays their bed to those who pass,
At the foot of the apple-tree.

And when, above this apple-tree,
The winter stars are glittering bright,
And winds go howling through the night,
Girls whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth
Shall peel its fruit by cottage-hearth,
And guests in prouder homes shall see,
Heaped with the grape of Cintra's vine,
And golden orange of the line,
The fruit of the apple-tree.

The fruitage of this apple-tree,
Winds and our flag of stripe and star
Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
Where men shall wonder at the view,
And ask in what fair groves they grew;



And sojourners beyond the sea
Shall think of childhood's careless day,
And long, long hours of summer play,
In the shade of the apple-tree.

Each year shall give this apple-tree
A broader flush of roseate bloom,
A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,
And loosen, when the frost-clouds lower,
The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.

The years shall come and pass, but we
Shall hear no longer, where we lie,
The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh,
In the boughs of the apple-tree.

And time shall waste this apple-tree.
Oh, when its aged branches throw
Thin shadows on the ground below,

Shall fraud and force and iron will
Oppress the weak and helpless still?

What shall the tasks of mercy be,
Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears
Of those who live when length of years
Is wasting this little apple-tree?

"Who planted this old apple-tree?"

The children of that distant day
Thus to some aged man shall say;
And, gazing on its mossy stem,
The gray-haired man shall answer them:

"A poet of the land was he,
Born in the rude but good old times;
'T is said he made some quaint old rhymes
On planting the apple-tree."



MUMBO JUMBO.

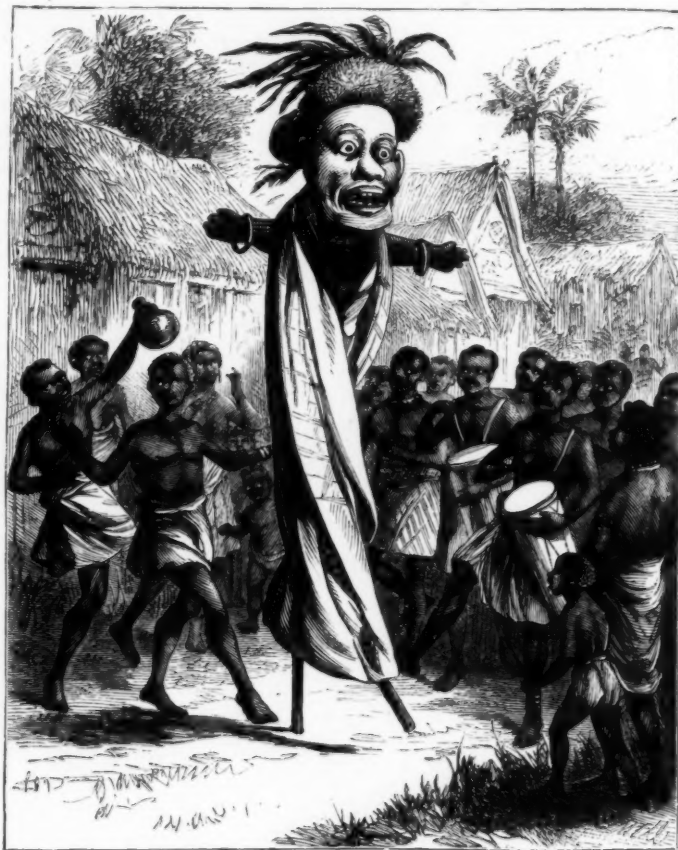
BY JOHN LEWEEES.

IN no part of our globe are there so many curious customs, unknown or not understood by civilized and enlightened people, as in Africa. There, for instance, is a great river which comes down to regions inhabited for thousands of years by the ancient Egyptians, who built the most wonderful temples and pyramids, and carved in stone great statues, which have been the admiration of ages, and yet it is only within a few years that the source of this celebrated river, Nile, has been known to Americans and Europeans. Great lakes, which were not known to exist, have lately been discovered by African explorers, and tribes of people, not only unlike other human beings in their minds, but even in their bodies, have been met with. One of our countrymen, Henry Stanley, made a journey across the center of the African continent, and, in so doing, traversed vast regions never seen before by white men, and, although he saw and described so much, there are no doubt a great many strange things yet to be discovered in Africa, which country the ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls might well call "The Riddle-box of the World."

Among the most difficult puzzles in this great riddle-box are the customs of some of the African tribes. Of course, all savage and heathen people do very strange things in connection with their religion and their laws, yet, however odd and ridiculous some of these may seem to us, the peo-

ple themselves believe them right and proper, because they are so taught by their priests and rulers.

But some African tribes have fantastic and absurd customs in which it would seem that they



MUMBO JUMBO SETTING OUT UPON HIS SEARCH.

could not have any faith whatever; still, they really attach a great deal of importance to them.

Among these are the trials by Mumbo Jumbo, a character met with in many villages on the west coast of Africa. Mumbo Jumbo is nothing at all but a man on short stilts, with a sort of cloak wrapped about him, and a great false head fastened above his own head. All this, of course, makes

him look very tall, and a pair of wooden arms, which stick out below his big head, help to give him the appearance of a man about twice as big as anybody else.

Dressed up in this strange way, he stumps about through the village, and the people believe that he has the power to point out any person who has committed a crime; or, in case of family quarrels or disputes, he can show which party is in fault. Accordingly, when there is an occasion for the exercise of his wonderful power, Mumbo Jumbo, followed by a crowd of his fellow-savages, beating drums, blowing horns, shouting and dancing, sets out on his business of discovering the person who has broken the laws of the tribe.

It may be that a theft has been committed, and that the thief has managed his affairs so secretly and cunningly that the people of the village cannot find out who he is. So Mumbo Jumbo, with a great deal of twisting and stumping about, goes from house to house, and pretends to examine the faces of the people he finds within. When he has finished this examination, he looks at every man, woman, or child whom he may meet, and even goes among the crowd accompanying him, making believe to glare down, with his painted eyes, into the faces of the howling and dancing negroes, to see if he can discover the guilty person.

Of course it would never do for Mumbo Jumbo to give up the search without pointing out some one as the thief, and so, after he has led the crowd about, as long as he pleases, he settles upon some

unfortunate person, who is as likely as any one else to have stolen the missing property, and declares him to be the thief. This man is then seized, tied to a post, and whipped, and everybody believes him to be justly punished, when, in reality, Mumbo Jumbo himself may have been the thief.

In disputes between families or individuals, Mumbo Jumbo lays down the law in the same way. He goes with his stilts, and his mask, and his noisy crowd of followers, to the place where the disputing parties are assembled, and declares which side is right.

Now the most curious thing about all this is the fact that these negroes know, all the time, that Mumbo Jumbo is nothing but a man on stilts, with a big false head and a long cloak. There does not seem to be any attempt to conceal this fact, for, when Mumbo Jumbo is not needed, his cloak, head, arms, and stilts are hung up on a convenient tree in the village. It is likely, also, that these foolish negroes know just what man among them is performing the part of Mumbo Jumbo, when that important person is stalking about. And yet they believe in the decisions of the false head, which could make decisions just as well when it is hanging on the tree as when borne about by one of their fellow-negroes.

Now does not all this seem very much like a riddle, and a pretty hard one, too? Why should these people believe in a thing which they know is all nonsense? But it is not easy to give answers to all the puzzles in the great African riddle-box.

HOW THE ROCKING-HORSE ATE THE CAKE.

It was a big room, and it had a bright, pret-ty car-pet on its floor. The sun came in through two win-dows, and staid all day.

Be-hind two dark red cur-tains, at one end of the room, was the chil-dren's play-house. The chil-dren were Char-ley and Gra-cey; Gra-cey was five years old, and Char-ley was al-most three; and such good times as they did have be-hind those red cur-tains!

They had a ta-ble there, and some chairs, and a cup-board full of dish-es, and a whole fam-i-ly of dolls; but nic-est of all was the rock-ing-horse,—San-ta Claus had brought this at Christ-mas. He was black and white, and had a long white mane and tail; his mouth was o-pen, and was paint-ed red in-side; al-to-geth-er, he was the ver-y nic-est horse that ev-er had been seen, the chil-dren thought.

One aft-er-noon they were hav-ing a lunch-eon in their play-house; they had some lit-tle slic-es of bis-cuit and but-ter, a piece of cake, and a ti-ny pitch-er of milk. Mam-ma told them to drink the milk first, so they would not spill it; she said she did not care for the crumbs. So they poured the milk in-to two lit-tle cups, and drank it all, and then Gra-cey put the



dolls up to the ta-ble, and they sat down to eat the rest, when Char-ley looked up and said: "Hor-sey wants some din-ner, too."

"So he does," said Gra-cey. "His mouth is o-pen for some now."

So they dragged him to the ta-ble, and stuffed some cake in-to his mouth. It would not hold ver-y much, aft-er all, but they made some

of it stay in; and they told him a great man-y times to eat it, and then he could have some more; but he did not seem to know how, and so they ate their lunch-eon with-out wait-ing for him.

The next morn-ing, Gra-cey ran into the play-house to see if the horse had eat-en his cake. Sure e-nough, it was all gone. Char-ley looked in-to hor-sey's mouth, and then trot-ted aft-er Gra-cey, to tell Mam-ma the won-der-ful sto-ry. "It must have fall-en out," said Mam-ma.

"No, it did n't, Mam-ma; we put it in tight, and 'sides, we spilled lots of crumbs, and they are all gone, too."

And Mam-ma went to see. The crumbs were all gone.

"He must have got right down off the rock-ers, and eat-en the crumbs all up," said Gra-cey. But Mam-ma on-ly smiled.

Ev-er-y-bod-y who came in-to the house that day heard the strange sto-ry; and the last thing Gra-cey did that night was to put a nice piece of sponge-cake in-to the red, o-pen mouth.

Mam-ma was ver-y bus-y, that night, and they went up-stairs one by one un-til she was all a-lone. She wait-ed un-til the house grew ver-y still, and then she turned out the gas, drew a chair close to the red cur-tains, pulled one of them a-side a lit-tle, and wait-ed. The room was not quite dark, for the fire burned bright-ly, and by its light Mam-ma saw the horse stand-ing ver-y still, with the cake in his mouth. Mam-ma kept ver-y still, too; and by and by she saw some-thing that looked like a ver-y lit-tle bit of gray fur, move swift-ly a-cross the car-pet. It ran up the horse's leg, out on the lines, held on with four cun-ning lit-tle paws, and be-gan to eat cake ver-y fast. Soon an-oth-er came, and then an-oth-er, till there were four; four ba-by mice, the ver-y ti-ni-est Mam-ma had ev-er seen. And how they did nib-ble! By and by a larg-er one came, and they played, and ran all o-ver that horse, swung on his tail, and hid in his mane, and he nev-er stirred. Mam-ma watched them a-while, and then she went up-stairs.

The next morn-ing at break-fast she told the chil-dren all a-bout it. Gra-cey was de-light-ed, and begged to stay up that night and see.

But Char-ley lis-tened ver-y so-ber-ly, and when they all had done talk-ing a-bout it, he said, in a ver-y sor-row-ful lit-tle voice:

"Poor hor-sey did n't det no tate; not a bit; 'at's *too* bad."





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

'THE year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!'

So says Brother Browning, and Jack's sentiments are the same.

Brother Browning, as many of you may know, is an English poet, and so, when he speaks of "the thorn," my birds tell me he must allude to the hawthorn or May-tree, which in spring-time almost covers itself with blossoms of white, pink, and pink-and-white.

Now, for our budget. First, a letter about

A WISE CANARY.

DEAR MR. JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: As you are so much interested in the birds, I thought you would like to know about our canary, whom we think unusually smart. His name is "Ruby" and he is very tame, and will feed from the hand and from the mouth, and will play. But the strangest thing is, that he knows the days of the week, and is very particular that we shall get to school in time; for, on school days, he begins to call when it is time to go to school, and keeps calling until we start, and when we go he stops his calling and begins to sing and eat his seed from his cup, and appears to think his duty is performed. But on Saturday and Sunday he does not call in this way; and it is very plain that he knows so much of the days of the week, and keeps account of them. He does not make any mistakes.

Yours truly,

HARRY EICHBAUM.

NOT A VERY HARD CASE.

THE Little School-ma'am learned something while she was away on her summer vacation; she says she learned how to give medicine to a cat.

The lady with whom she boarded in the mountains had a favorite tabby, which would follow her about the farm or over the hills for miles, like a dog, and, when tired, would ask to be allowed to climb up

and ride on her shoulder. Once, this puss ate poisoned meat and was in danger of dying; but the maid put her into a long woolen stocking, poured a dose of oil down her throat, and by this means saved her life.

The Little School-ma'am's cat is a very healthy one, but she thinks it is just as well to know how to give her medicine in case illness should occur; and Jack agrees with her.

THOSE CAT STORIES AND DEACON GREEN.

AND talking of the Little School-ma'am's cat reminds me that I've a letter for you from Deacon Green. Here it is:

DEAR JACK: I dropped in upon the Little School-ma'am, yesterday, and, bless your heart, if she was n't almost hidden by a mass of note and foolscap paper, spread out around her in every conceivable shape.

"Stories—Lost Kitten Stories!" she exclaimed, in her cheeriest style, and blockaded as she was by them, she was as happy a little school-ma'am as ever was seen. And then she went on to tell me how they had been coming in so fast that she could hardly count them, and how the committee had been obliged to postpone their report a month, and how they wanted to—

But stop! That's her affair, and not what I started out to say, and I may be in danger of revealing state secrets. But here's the point I wanted to tell you. The little woman and her aids, I could see, were mightily perplexed to decide upon the best one of all that huge pile of stories, and I was n't at all surprised, when, looking up suddenly, she said: "Ah, Deacon, if we could only take the best fifty of these and combine them—bringing the best points of all into one—we should have a story such as no single author in the world could write!"

Well, dear Jack, I told her I did n't doubt it. And it is just the same the world over—with men and women as well as boys and girls. The greatest achievements of human labor have always been the work of thousands, who toiled together for the one purpose. But it was never meant that we should all see alike, and the work of every one of us, if done faithfully and with the whole heart, will reach truth and usefulness in some special way of its own, and so have its peculiar value. Perhaps there is some one thing for each person in the world, that he or she can do better than anybody else. Only let him or her find it, and "stick to" it, as the saying is.

Last fall, little Neddy Popkin came to me, saying he wanted to make some money to help his mother and her big family of girls, and he wished me to tell him what to do.

"What do you do best?" said I. He hesitated a moment, and then said, "Well, they say at home that I can beat anybody they ever saw at corn-popping." "Then," said I, "pop, pop, pop, and if it's well popped you can sell it. That's your best way to make money. It's likely you'll get out for popping corn. Your name sounds like it."

I could see that he was puzzled by this advice for a minute. But Neddy Popkin is a common-sense lad, steady, and sturdy. "I'll do it!" said he, and left. On the way home he laid in a supply of poppers and corn, and went at it in earnest. And last week he told me that he was getting on splendidly, and laying up a nice little store of cash. All the confectioners' stalls in town, but one, now refuse to buy any pop-corn excepting Neddy Popkin's.

Now, dear Jack, there's an honest success ahead of that boy; and that it's better for a lad to be the one best corn-popper in Workville than a fourth-rate lawyer's or banker's clerk in Showburgh, is the humble opinion of yours truly,

SILAS GREEN.

I commend the letter to you, dears. Only be sure that the one thing that you can do best is something useful,—as Neddy's was. A boy climbed a liberty-pole in my meadow one day, and everybody applauded. But the feat was soon forgotten, and it turned out that the boy had learned it by long practice in neighbors' orchards.

A SUB-AMERICAN CANAL.

SARAH W. sends word that a while ago there was some talk, in her hearing, about canals and railways across the strip of land which joins North

and South America. And one of the wise folk said: "It is not impossible that some cave-explorer may find a great under-ground river running across the continent of North America; a kind of ready-made canal, that would render traveling cheap between New York and California."

Think of going from Boston to San Francisco, under-ground! Never a sight of sun, moon, nor stars from first to last! Your Jack does n't like the notion, my dears. But the canal would be dim-lit, cool, and moist, even through the glare, and heat, and dust of summer, I suppose; and it might suit any of you that should happen to have a dismal mind. So let him save up his pennies, in order to be ready for the first trip of the first canal-boat of the future Grand American Sub-Continental Transportation Company!

HOW DID IT HAPPEN?

M. E. B. FORWARDS this bit of news:

"A short time ago, Willy found in the yard a little bird which seemed to have been hurt. It was some little time before it could be caught, for, though it could not fly, it fluttered and hopped about so as to keep just out of Willy's reach. But at last he had it, and putting it tenderly in one hand, and covering it with the other, brought it to me.

"I looked at it and said: 'Willy, I don't believe the bird is really hurt. Still, there is some serious difficulty. I must see what it is.'

"A very long feather belonging to the left wing had in some way been passed across the back, and drawn tightly in under the right wing. After a little I succeeded in setting the wing free, but the feather still held fast to the right leg, around the thigh of which the slender end of it was wrapped twice, close to the body.

"Birdie's bright little eyes watched the whole operation closely; but he kept perfectly quiet, and did not struggle nor resist in any way. He seemed to know that we were trying to help him. As soon as he was unbound, we expected that he would dart away, but he lay still upon my hand, and I was beginning to think he must be injured,

after all, when suddenly he gave his right leg a little shake, and before you could wink twice he was above our heads in the branches of a tree.

"Then you should have heard his song of thanksgiving, and seen the look of delight on Willy's face!

"Mamma," said he, 'how do you suppose the feather got wrapped around the wing and leg, like that?'

"I could not answer his question then, nor can I now. Can anybody else answer it?"

CURIOUS OPTICAL EXPERIMENTS.

Now, my wide-eyed youngsters,—not my feathered friends, the owls, but you, boys and girls, of course,—carry out the following instructions sent by Mrs. Kellogg, and you will see holes through your hands and fail to see bits of paper placed not two feet in front of your noses.

Roll a sheet of foolscap paper into a tube an inch in diameter. Then, with both eyes open, put the tube to the right eye, and look steadily through it at any object. Now, place your open left hand, the palm being toward you, by the side of the tube, near its lower end. You will see a hole through the palm of your hand.

Pin two small pieces of paper against the wall, about eight inches apart. Fix both eyes steadily on one paper, say the right-hand one, then, holding your face about two feet from it, you close the left eye. Advance your face, and the left-hand paper suddenly will disappear from sight.

AND now, my youngsters, "make way for"—not "liberty," as I usually hear you put it,—but something of quite as much importance for the moment to many of you. You'll find it just below.

THE LITTLE SCHOOL-MA'AM'S REPORT ON "A STORY TO BE WRITTEN."

YOUR stories, young friends, for the pictures by Mr. Hopkins on page 251 of the January number, came pouring in by dozens and scores each day, and from every direction. Maine and California, and most of the intermediate States; Canada and Cuba, and even England, France, and Germany—all were represented. Some of the letters from young correspondents far away across the great ocean necessarily arrived after the day appointed as the limit, but in every such case the writer begged not to be left out of the competition. And when finally the postman's face wore a smile of relief as the last one was delivered, it seemed to the committee, assembled in front of the accumulated mass of stories, as if they were scarcely less in number than all the cats that ever lived in America—even counting nine lives to each solitary puss!

But the mere reading of these stories was smooth sailing. When it came to deciding upon the very best one of these hundreds upon hundreds of interesting biographies—then came the gale! So many of them were almost on a level as to excellence, and each of these had so many peculiar points in its favor, that for a while your committee was in sad plight. However, after much patient reading and re-reading, sorting and comparing, all agreed upon the story given below, and written by Frances H. Catlin, as best fulfilling the conditions in the way of a prose story. But it was also voted unani-

mously to make room at the same time for the clever rhymed version by Florence E. Pratt, which you will therefore find accompanying the other.

PUSSY'S ADVENTURES.

NELLIE LESTER loved her little kitten dearly. It was gray, and had a blue ribbon around its neck, and its name was Muffie.

One morning Nellie brought a pitcher of milk and poured Muffie a saucerful, and while Nellie went to put the pitcher away, Muffie finished her milk and looked around for something to do. She saw an open door, and said to herself: "What a pleasant day! I think I will take a walk."

She hopped down the back steps and ran along the alley until she saw a large dog, and alas! the dog saw her. She lay low on the ground beside an ash-barrel, hoping that the dog would pass by. But he kept his eyes upon her hiding-place, and was running straight toward her when she scrambled up the side of the barrel and down among some dirty straw and paper. The dog tore round and round the barrel, leaping upon one side and then on the other, trying to get at kitty. But he could not even see her, and after a while he went home to dinner. The frightened kitty lay still a long time, and feared to leave her safe place.

When Nellie came back and saw the empty saucer and no kitty, she was surprised, and went to look for her.

She was not on her mat under the stove, and Nellie could not find

her anywhere. She wandered from room to room, calling "Muffie! Muffie! where are you? Come, Muffie, come to Nellie." But no Muffie came, and then Nellie sat down and cried.

By and by Pedro, the old rag-picker, came to the barrel where Muffie was hiding. When he saw her he cried out, "Halloo! what have we here? A cat, to be sure! Oh, you'll weigh more than rags. Step in here, Mr. Cat." So saying, he hustled Muffie into the bag and put the bag on his back, and went soon afterward to Mr. Kelly's, the rag-merchant. Mr. Kelly weighed the bag of rags and paid Pedro his money, and Pedro went away. When Mr. Kelly emptied the bag, what should jump out but a little gray kitten! He was very angry at first, to find that he had been imposed upon, but while he was thinking about it, and growing more and more vexed every minute, up walked Muffie with such a cunning air that he forgot his anger and began to watch her play. After two or three days he became very fond of her.

All this time Nellie could not be comforted, though her papa said that she should have two or three kittens if she wanted them. But she did not want any but Muffie. At last her papa proposed a plan that delighted Nellie. It was to advertise Muffie. So it was done. A boy was hired to post the bills and scatter them through the streets. An old woman, on her way to Mr. Kelly's with rags, picked up one of the hand-bills, and stowing it among her pickings, went on to the rag-merchant's. Mr. Kelly, remembering how he had been cheated, made her empty her own bag. The great advertising bill was the first thing to drop out. As it came fluttering down, Muffie popped from behind a chair, ready to play with anything that came in her way. She stopped suddenly on seeing her own name in print, and was busily reading an account of herself, when Mr. Kelly picked up the paper and sat down to look it over. Pussy, not thinking how impolite it was, climbed up his back, and looking over Mr. Kelly's shoulder, read it with him. At once Mr. Kelly thought his little cat must be the lost one. So, taking his hat, and with the advertisement in one hand and Muffie in the other, he started for Mr. Lester's. When he rang the bell, Nellie opened the door, and, on seeing Muffie, uttered an exclamation of delight. Mr. Kelly made a profound bow, and let Muffie jump into Nellie's arms. She did not forget to thank him, and her papa offered him a reward, but he would not take it. Nellie ran to tell her mamma, kissing kitty all the way, and calling her "a naughty, naughty kitty."

FRANCES H. CATLIN (12 years).

THE TALE OF A KITTEN.

MINNIE and kitty had frolicked all day,
Until they were both of them wearied of play,
When dear little kitty, whose fur was like silk,
Mewed loudly to Minnie to get her some milk.
And soon she was purring, with greatest delight,
Over a saucer of milk, warm and white.
But Mamma called Minnie, a dress to try on;
"Now, stay right here, kitty, I'll not long be gone."
But kitty meant mischief, so over the floor
She artfully sidled, right straight to the door.
Down from the front stoop she daintily stepped;
Over the sidewalk she carefully crept;

It was to be expected that, when all were writing upon the same subject, there would be a great many stories of nearly equal merit; and, although this made the committee's work much more difficult than usual, it also gives us the pleasure of printing a remarkably long roll of honor. And there is this to be said to any boy or girl on the roll who may feel that his or her story was as good as those

Round the ash-barrel triumphantly walked,
When along, looking virtuous, old Carlo stalked.
"Oh, where is a refuge for poor kitty cat?
Ah, there is the barrel. I think I'll try that."
So pussy jumped up in a terrible fright,
While Carlo came prancing along with delight.
"Ha, ha! Mr. Carlo, you cannot catch me,
For I am too spry for you doggies, you see!"
But alas for poor kitty, her pride had a fall,
And into the barrel she rolled like a ball!

Soon Minnie came back, but no kitty she spied.
"Oh, where is my kitty?" she tearfully cried.
"Is she under the stove?" asked the child in despair;
She looked; but, poor Minnie! no kitty was there.
Poor baby! she sadly sat down in despair,
And her sobs and her wailings of grief rent the air.

A ragman, whose conscience was soundly asleep,
Came wandering along to that fatal ash-heap;
While searching for rags, our small kitten he spied;
"Now my bag 'll weigh heavy!" he joyfully cried.
He dropped in poor kitty, and hurried away,
Where a sign waved—"For paper and rags cash we pay."
A round price he got for his wicked deceit.
"Cash!" opened the bundle,—what vision did greet
The eyes of this worthy old gentleman, pray?
Why, kit, mewing loudly, jumped down and away!
With brow knit with perplexity,—yes! and despair,
The old gentleman watched kitty frolicking there;
And little he knew that, just out of his door,
A notice had hung for ten minutes or more,
Around which a crowd had collected, to see
What was lost; who had lost; what reward there would be;
While a boy was distributing papers that said
"Lost kitten!" which many a passer-by read,
And then threw away, as most passers-by do.
But, as every one knows, that old maxim is true
Which calmly observes, "Nuggets is often thrown away;"
It was proven afresh, that remarkable day:
An old woman the notice picked up, and then put
It within her big bag, which was covered with soot.
To old "Cash," she went, with all possible speed.
When she emptied her bag, kitty swiftly did read,
With many a grimace and smile of delight;
For she thought, "Now, my mistress has found out my flight."
While old "Cash" read the notice, she undisturbed sat
On his shoulder, and looked a demure, full-grown cat.
He swift took his hat from the nail by the door,
While kitty tried hard to claw down to the floor;
But 't was all of no use, and they set off once more,
And at last they arrived before Minnie's house-door.
So now we will leave them in happy communion,
And trust naught will happen to sever their union.

FLORENCE E. PRATT (12 years).

printed here: there were a very great many stories which contained single points and passages of great merit and cleverness; but no one of these stories was quite so satisfactory as those we have given, when considered in regard to clearness of statement, good penmanship, careful and accurate introduction of the pictures, and simple merit as a story throughout.

ROLL OF HONOR.

WALTER B. SMITH—Alice M. N.—Lottie S. Averill—Charlie P. Peirce—Altia R. Austin—Libbie S. Hawes—Alice B. Forry—Lizzie S. Frazer—C. P.—Curt Rumrill—Kitty Williamson—Ben. L. Darrow—Josie F. Allen—Hannah—Clara L. Shaffer—Annie H. Mills—Nellie A. Peabody—Ellie H. Glover—Helen B. Pendleton—Ollie Partridge—L. B. Field—William W. Shaw—George Cooper—Maude M. Nickerson—Louise Mather Knight—Helen E. Greene—Alfie G. Hill—Frank Heath—Lulu Burton—Louie Birnie—Alice Hyde—Elizabeth W. Windsor—Sadie Hawley—Constance Gerry—Gertrude Krusi—Jessie S. Rand—Dessie Robertson—Willie F. Dix—Clara D. Henkle—Gertrude R. Wheeler—Florence G. Lane—Mabelle Whitney Trowbridge—Edith Whiting Oakland—Katie M. Hackett—L. R. Fisher—Katharine Bartlett—Eliza P. Cochran—Philip Schuyler De Lutz—Foster H. Roper—Rosalee L. Bradford—E. M. Rheam—Florence Peale—Ted Hillman—Evangeline T. Walker—Jury Wickham—Mary Raoul—Maude E. Plummer—Minnie L. Carleton—W. Arthur F. Jackson—H. J.—Josie Alden—Fred A. Henry—Lollie F. Wheeler—Susan Hastings Ward—Birdie Bent—"Sunshine"—Edward B. Lowell—Wallace R. Platt—Willie F. P.—C. W. Bispham—F. A. Walker—George A. Capen—Angelica Church—Alice G. Lansing—F. Maynard Lansing—Howard Manning—Teny H. Putnam—Frank S. Willock—Rosalee Flagg—Grace Boutelle—Ritie Cobb—Josie B. Lee—Mary M. Malleson—Eleanor B. Farley—Daisy Bishop—Edith Helen Smith—Fred A. Bigelow—Alice A. Williamson—Geo. H. Brown—Maggie Evans—F. B. Matthews—Lizzie Hooton—Ada Van Beil—Charlie Tracio—Eddie G. Banta—Gussie Chamberlain—Sadie Lou Stevenson—Hattie C. McLearn—George E. Gillespie—George Davidson—Anna B. Blakiston—H. Bosworth Van Gieson—Ernie W. Clarke—Gilbert P. Coleman—Helen Mildred Salda—Leo Haas—Wash Lowry—Mary A. Snelbaker—Nettie Broslaki—Charlie D. Rice—Eddie Miller—Maggie Wineland—Emily A. Howard—Jennie E. Work—Fannie Carr—Katie Packard—Laura W. Jackson—Edith R. Jones—Minnie L. Benton—Rosalee N. McIlhenry—Emma F. Jones—Willie E. Evans—Brooke Payne—Louly Shand—W. Chauncey Hawley—Susie A. Matteson—Noble Sayre—Bessie Gallagher—Hattie M. Trembly—Hallie Barnes—Shelton Sanford Cheney—Mamma's Pets—Gracie Delnan—Sallie E. Coates—Nellie G. Porter—Chas. H. Vanderbilt—Minnie W. Folsom—Sallie Shellenberger—Josie Barnes—Louise Barnes—Charlie L. Bartholomew—Elsie G. Jackson—Francis Greene—Albert F. Pasquay—Geo. L. Brodhead—Mabel H. Knight—Oriola M. Cheves—Mary L. Ranlet—Harold Stebbins—Henry S. Cox—Hattie Galt Turner—Nellie G. Grow—Lottie Woglom—Chas. S. Hayden—Sarah F. De Lutz—Rachie Ely—Sadie Medary—Alice Oakley Birnie—Carrie C. Jenks—Helen G. Slingluff—Ethel Dane Roberts—Lizzie B. Harrison—Nellie Blakeslee—Walkem—Clove Pink—Fred E. Lunt—Eugenie M. Foss—N. T. Moss—A. Louise Weightman—Estelle Foreman—Nettie Schoch—A. E. Hoyt—Martie

Moderswell—Fred Eastman—Lucile Bristor—Carrie Lucy Colvin—Jennie May Colvin—K. L. M.—Alma Roth—Lulu Pearl Cokard—Alice Leffingwell—Minnie B. Lower—Rose Cracroft Bond—Willie F. Woolard—Bessie Miller—Nellie McIntosh—Hannah E. Lloyd—Alice Belin—Janet R. Sheldon—Sarah T. Dalsheimer—Jessie Hoyt—Edna L. Brown—Ine Brown—Margaret Watts—Clinton Mather—Harry C. Walker—Edna Fitch—Carrie E. Buck—Harry C. Oberholser—Maysie Bradley—W. B. Corbett—Estella V. Sutton—Katie B. Stanwood—Bernard C. Weld—Lillian E. Rogers—Grace Austin Smith—Alice Otis—Mary Alice True—Hattie Stevens—Mamie Chapman—Elmer Oliver—Frank Herron—Constance Thorn Jones—Alice Stille—Rose V. Crane—Clara M. Howell—Grace Giberson—Mabel R. Lawrence—Gertrude Perkins—Beth Stocking—Elizabeth Slater—Alice G. Lucas—Sheldon W. Snively—Julia Brass—Willie Borland—Molly C. Wrenshall—A. Nickerson—Anna F. D. Hopkins—Ella Simonton—Ella Auburtin—Elsie B. Crane—Sallie M. Donaldson—Earle W. Drew—James Vinton Stillings—Mabel Holkins Chase—Josie L. Hewlett—Lulu G. Crabbe—Edward Wager Smith—Annie Curtis Smith—Florence Compton—Nellie W. Smith—Harold Gregory—Helen F. Stone—Gertrude Medlicott—Willie Shriver—Sarah D. Morrison—Walter R. Gilbert—M. C.—Maude Buckner—Violet—Lillian Apgar—Nannie Hunter—Carly S. Pratt—M. Jennie Harding—Clara B. Grove—Alice F. Bushnell—Miriam Oliver—Alice C. Parry—Cora A. Law—Lizzie C. Carnahan—Mae Gordon—Elsie Tubby—Fletcher Clay—Katie Come—Thomas H. Mason—Pink—Norval Wilson Gallaher—Van Lear Perry—Wm. B. Hopkins—H. Talbott—Clarence Lower—Nannie M. Bowler—Cecilia Tucker—Helen E. Spicer—Willie Bromfield—Phil. C. Tucker, Jr.—Harry Gaudern—Eva Houck—Stewart M. Taylor—Walter U.—Bertha Whitney—Robert S.—Anna L. Tucker—Maude Ainsworth—Lalla E. Croft—Mary Lee Fulgham—Georgia C. Washburn—Miss T. M. Drake—Florence Villy—Kathie Darling Partridge—Fanny Smith—Florence Drummond—Jesse R. Ayer—Ella P. Crandall—Lucy Manley—Ella M. Parker—Mary R. Keyes—Luc Bradley—Nellie A. Remick—Eric Morgan—Bertha Goodison—Frank Coenen—Etta Iva Anthony—Wallace Morgan—Clara A. Walton—Lida Papin—W. Nichols—Edith M. Hale—Lizzie B. Cutting—Cornelia Wait—Kittie E. Horton—Sheldon Potter Ritter—George W. Morris—Louise Norton—Mary Barber—Lottie S. Edgley—Helen Ballantine—Gertrude Fowler—Clara Wimberly—Nellie E. Hicks—Allen Owen Goold—Mamie W. Packard—Mary Ellen Dodge—W. Klemroth—Katie Milner—Sallie H. Nourse—Blanche A. Sewall—Lily Burbank—Arabella Ward—Elias G. Brown, Jr.—Nellie Kearns—Ella W. Bray—Blanche Humphrey—Carrie Louise Frost—Lulu M. Hutchins—A. L. B.—Alice R. Peck—Frances Roome—Alice Chace—Minnie Bache Truman—Frank Read, Jr.—Grace Caldwell—Elon Dunlap, Jr.—Daisy O'Brien—"Clara Louise Kellogg"—Rosemary Baum—Zulu Frye—Annie L. V. Myers—E. Dana Pierce—Ambrose C. Dearborn—Mary Burns—Ethel Sophia Mason—Annie W. Ingle—Irene C. W.—Anna Worrall—Gracie Hewlett—Alice M. Firestone—Maude Starkweather—Sumner S. Bowman—Sallie C. Reeves—Daisy Kibbe—Willie C. MacCurdy—Alice M. Jordan—Sheldon H. Stimson—Amy Slade—Mamie—Mary Nixon—F. Marquand Monroe—Katharine R. Fisher—Hattie R. Rickert—Sadie Vickers—Carrie C. Vreeland—Clara Rosenbaum—Adele Innies—Carl T. Robertson—Alice Cooper—Rose Stansbury—Sadie Hull—Frank L. Long—Charles M. Smythe—L. Angeniette Cottrell—Kenneth McKenzie—Minnie Mason—Freddie E. Cannon—Martha P. and Mary R. Jewett—Myra Crane—Adele W. Crane—Fannie Ford Noble—Alva J. Guffey—Elizabeth Alling—Arthur G. Krom—John K. Crouse—Boydie B. Andrews—Hettie Seibert—Mamie Mensch—George R. Linn—Lillie Braeutigam—Burnett Norton—Julia Sander—W. C. McLeod—Lena Weed—Bessie W. Schermerhorn—M. Fredrika Smith—Harry A. Ramsdell—Laura Churchill—John Kirby—Florence A. Stidham—S. Florence Mallard—L. F. W.—Emily Hood—Neddie Clark—Jeanie Minot Rowell—May Blanton—Helen Hawthorne—Lillian Corbett Barnes—H. Longford Boynton—Lewis B. Melvin—Queenie Bell Pease—Stella M. Butterfield—Walker B. Smith—Mamie W. Cannon—A. I. G.—Ellen Ruth Rockwood—Lella V. Montague—Bessie Carson—Mary Siegmund—James O. Barnett—Wesley B. Moseley—Alice H. Payne—Marian Clark—Willie W. Bennett, Jr.—Edward M. Traber—Maggie C. Doolittle—Angelo Hall—Alma Bruno—Harry Alton Albright—Nona Miles—Florence L. Matthews—Carrie Pierce—Edith Stratton—Arthur Hubbard—Fred Eugene Robinson—Alice M. Rambo—Lulu Sakmeister—E. L. Patterson—Annie Weir—Stella D. Harrington—Elsie E. Lockwood—Sallie H. M.—M. B.—Bessie Lattimore—Mabel Goodlander—Grace Eldridge Mix—Nellie M. Foster—Edmond Dubois—Florence B. Day—Maggie Schritz—Annie Baker—Alice Hall—Luella Dolfield—Mamie Rodgers—Addie Bunce—Winnie H. Ripley—Julia A. Norton—Ruth Norton—Tillie Baile—Annie Hathaway—Annie E. Tynan—Edith Ross—Mary C. Burnap—Lucy S. Conant—Gracie L. Thayer—Laura L. Wallen—Graham T. Putnam—J. R. D.—Freddy Righter—Blanche Weidin—Everett Crosby—Harry Long—Emily T. Long—Louise S. Earle—Orilla J. Bush—Alice I. Boardman—Blanche Pierce—John E. T. Nicks—Mamie Moore—Mary E. M. Laidlaw—Anna Campbell—Beth Hotchkiss—Laura A. Sheldon—Gertie H. Irwin—Julia S. Shelley—Harry P. Fessenden—Mamie Faulkner—Nell S. Force—Nellie L. Styne—Kate Logan—Eveline V. W. Sammis—Charlie D. Chandler—Gertie Busby—Frank S. Thornton—Bertha E. Thompson—Carrie Van Tassel—Birdie Curtis—Queenie Chapman—Bruce V. Hill—Ellis Hunter—Nellie Thalheimer—Florence Pauline Jones—Florence Burke—Gertrude Ackerman—Bessie Van Alstyne—Willie N. Tice—Nellie Mason—Robert W. Hemenway—Matie Pierce—Bessie Connor—Emma Foster—Grace E. Rich—Angela Reilly—Eugene Reilly—Maud Wheeler—Benedict Crowell—Mae Wellington—Helen Minnie Dilts—Lucy Wood—Mattie Harris—Bessie McJ. Tyng—Marian C. Poole—Leon Stevenson—Nellie Taylor—Alice L. Clark—Charles W. Ford—Jessie Chapman—Mary Clark—Eliza Annie Curry—Louise Walsh—Josie A. Graham—C. Silliman—Nannie Drury.

In many respects the stories differed widely from one another, and if there were space for it, I should be glad to show you some of these differences, which greatly interested us. And I wish, too, with all my heart, that we could print some of the bright and clever sentences that were found in the various manuscripts, and that made

the committee's task a delightful one. But I must content myself with complimenting you, each and all, upon the excellence of your stories, and thanking you for the enthusiasm with which you responded to the invitation of your grateful and happy

"LITTLE SCHOOL-MA'AM."

THE LETTER-BOX.

THE "Lesson on the Sampler" was a very important and common one when your great-grandmothers were girls, and would be witnessed with interest by any of our girl-readers who are trying to learn the decorative embroideries of to-day, with their beautiful patterns of "cat-tail," or daisy, on a ground of yellow or red satin. The sampler-work of our grandmothers was more simple, but, perhaps, quite as useful, for in those days the household linen was usually marked with a stitched or embroidered letter or design, and it was a part of each little girl's education to learn how to mark her own clothes. And this was what was taught her on the sampler—which was merely a piece of coarse, soft linen or canvas, the size of a handkerchief, in which the little pupil easily learned to work letters in silk with her needle, forming the letters and keeping them balanced by counting and following the coarse threads of the fabric. The whole of the alphabet, in Script or Old English and both large and small letters, was usually the first thing to be worked—so the sampler was really a kind of primer of embroidery, and it was not uncommon for it to be home-made throughout. With a beginner, the coarser the thread the better, and so the flax grown on the farm

was spun on the spinning-wheel, woven into a neat mat, and hemmed and made ready for use without the touch of any but household hands.

But it was more than a primer, too. The clothes, napkins, handkerchiefs, etc., were marked with letters or designs learned upon it, but of course, after mastering the method, there were all degrees to this accomplishment, and whatever feat of needle-work was to be attempted, the sampler often remained the practice-guide. So you would find, upon some samplers, very intricate designs, requiring a high degree of skill in embroidery. Often the figure of some animal was worked in the center of a sampler; and sometimes the whole of the Lord's prayer was copied in quaint let-tring. And there were elaborate borders and corner-designs, and rosettes of flowers, without number.

And then, too, if you were to ask Grandma, she might whisper to you confidentially that there were other reasons why this accomplishment was expected of all girls. It was the custom then for every girl to mark her own wedding-clothes; and, moreover, there were many little love-tokens and souvenirs flying about from door to door in those times, which showed plainly enough by their pretty em-

broidered markings that the fair senders had been well trained in sampler-work. And so, for the maiden of that day, the queer lettering that seems to us so rude and old-fashioned may have had a great deal of romance. And, remembering this, the little picture out of the past that glows in the center of our frontispiece this month becomes really poetic. Nobody knows what tender thoughts and fancies may be passing in the mind of the sweet-faced elder sister, who sets the sample for the little girl at her knee, demurely helping herself to the stitch by lacing her fingers; and nobody can tell what great events in the little learner's future may yet be associated in some measure with this cozy lesson on the sampler.

The border of the picture shows you the style and shape of one of the simplest of these little household mementos. It is copied (in smaller size) from an actual sampler made by a certain little Julia May, in 1740.

ON account of the large amount of space required for the Little School-ma'am's Report concerning the stories written for Mr. Hopkins's pictures, we are obliged to put off until next month a second letter from Mr. Ballard concerning the Agassiz Association.

We are very much interested in the trick described in the following letter, and we shall be glad to hear from others who have seen it and from any one who may know how it is performed:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about a pretty sleight-of-hand trick which I saw a Japanese juggler perform not long ago. All he had was a goblet of clear water, a common gilt-edged plate, and a long-handled camel-hair paint-brush. He asked us by signs what flower we should like to see, and some one said, "A pansy." Then he dipped the paint-brush into the goblet of water, made a few motions over the plate, not touching it, and then held up the plate. On the bottom of it was a perfect pansy! He poured some water over it, and so erased the painting. Then he went through the same motion with the paint-brush again, and there was a bunch of blue violets. He performed the trick again and again, each time some new flower appearing on the plate. It was lovely, and I watched him until I was almost tired out with looking.—Yours truly,
"FAITH."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write to the "Letter-Box" and tell some of the readers about some private theatricals we boys got up not long since. The first we had was "The Jolly Old Abbot of Canterbury." We got this from ST. NICHOLAS, Vol. III., p. 132. I happened to be the nobleman. The next we had was "The Magician's Lesson." We got this from ST. NICHOLAS, Vol. VI., p. 63, in which the magician teaches a little boy a lesson by dipping him into an ink-stand. Of course, not a real ink-stand, but something to look like an ink-stand, large enough for a boy to get in. The last was "Lord Ullin's Daughter"; this also was taken from ST. NICHOLAS. This was the first time we had ever seen it dramatized, and we took hold of the opportunity readily. We had a sheet stretched across the stage for water. I was the boatman.—Yours,
HENRY ROCHESTER (11 years).

THE many boys who have written to us for a piece for recitation will find the following ballad admirable for that purpose. And it will interest all who read it, young or old. It is reprinted here, with the author's consent, from his recently published collection of poems, entitled "Ballads and Other Verses." The same bright little volume contains also the capital humorous poem of "The Turtle and Flamingo," which was published several years ago in ST. NICHOLAS.

BALLAD OF THE WICKED NEPHEW.

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

It was a wicked Nephew bold
Who uprose in the night,
And ground upon a huge grindstone
His penknife, sharp and bright.

And, while the sparks were flying wild
The cellar-floor upon,
Quoth he unto himself, "I will
Dispeck my Uncle John!"

"His property is large, and if
He dies, and leaves a Will,
His loving Nephew (that's myself)
Wont get a dollar-bill.

"I'll hie unto my uncle's bed,
His chamber well I know,
And there I'll find his pocket-book,
Safe under his pillow.

"With this bright steel I'll slay him first,
Because that is the way
They do such things, I understand,
In Boucicault's new Play."

By this the anxious moon retired
(For all the stars were in),—
"T is very dark," the Nephew cried,
"But I can find my kin!"

"Come forth, my trusty weapon now!"
(Or words to that effect)
He shouted to his little blade,
Whose power he did suspect.

Then out he starts. His Uncle's door
Is thirteen doors from his;
He gains the latch, which upward flies,
And straight inside he is!

One pause upon the entry stair,
And one upon the mat,—
How still the house at such an hour!
How mewless lies the cat!

"O Nephew! Nephew! be not rash;
Turn back, and then 'turn in':
Your Uncle still is sound asleep,
And you devoid of sin!

"The gallows-tree was never built
For handsome lads like you,—
Get thee to bed (as kind Macbeth
Wished his young man to do)."

He will not be advised,—he stands
Beside the sleeping form,—
The hail begins to beat outside
A tattoo for the storm.

"T is not too late,—repent, repent!
And all may yet be well!"

"Repent yourself!" the Nephew sneers,—
And at it goes pell-mell!

To right and left he carves his way,—
At least thus it did seem;
And, after he had done the deed,—
Woke up from his bad dream,

And swift to Uncle John he ran,
When dawn-light climbed the hill,
And told him all,—and Uncle John
Put Nephew in his Will.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you how my brother Will and I went fishing down by the mill last All Fools' Day, and what we caught. We had n't much bait, so we set our lines out in the swift water below the mill, and went after more bait. Lute and Joe Brown were playing on the bank, and as we went away we saw them make for our lines. They pulled one up, but there was nothing on it. So Will and I called out, "April fool!" and went and got the bait. As we were coming back, Lute and Joe put their heads out of a window in the mill. Will went to pull up his line, and there was something frisky on it. So he called out "Hi!" and I went to help him pull in. The catch was very spry: he darted first to one side and then to the other. So I said to Will, "You play him well; give him more line. I'll go fetch the gaff." I brought the gaff, and we pulled in. It was a big round piece of slate, with a hole in it! Just then Joe called from the window, "Halloo! what have you caught?" We did not say anything, because it was the First of April. But we stopped fishing for that day.

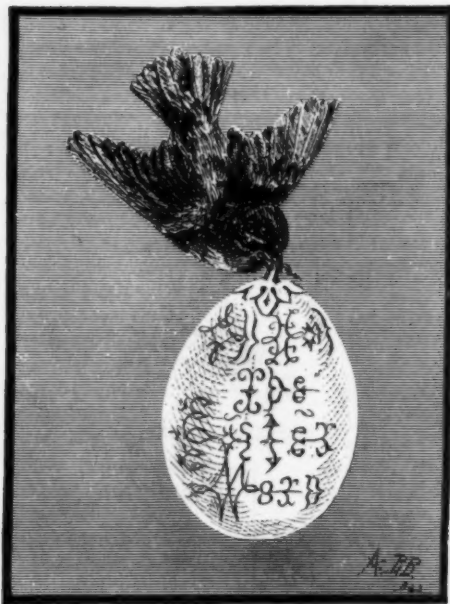
Will says not to write to you about it. But he is always a little shy. I only want to warn your other boys not to be taken in as we were.—I am, ever yours truly,
THOMAS A. D.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please tell your boys and girls that mechanical toys invented and made in America are now to be found in the immense stores (Louvre, Bon-Marché, etc.) of Paris, having taken the places once filled by playthings of German make. I suppose that your patriotic young American readers will be glad to hear this, but to counterbalance their enthusiasm please tell them this, too: Paris sends thousands and thousands of dressed dolls yearly to the United States. A very great many work-people do nothing but dress these dolls, according to the latest styles. But the bodies of the dolls, which are large and have ball joints, are made only in Germany; they are sent to Paris to have their hands, feet, and costumes added. The dolls have special hair-dressers, too, as well as special milliners; and besides all this there are hundreds of busy men and women who spend all their working time in making the furniture for doll-houses. Just think what a host of people must sit and strive in order that American girls may be able to play with dolls of just the proper kind!—Yours truly,
N. T.

PRIMALS: A festival. FINALS: A day of the week. Connected, a Christian festival. The words described are of equal length.
1. The lower edges of a sloping roof. 2. A farewell. 3. To treat with contempt. 4. Wanting in courage. 5. Additional. 6. To re-assemble.

GILBERT FORRESTER.

EASTER CARD.



WHAT mystical message is the bird bringing?

PROGRESSIVE ENIGMA.

My whole, consisting of nine letters, is a small country of Asia.
My 1-2 is a name for a near relative. My 1-2-3 is a slang term for an accomplice. My 1-2-3-4 is dim. My 1-2-3-4-5 is picken.
My 2-3 is a nickname. My 2-3-4 is a festival in English country places. My 2-3-4-5 is liquor. My 3-4 is a French word. My 3-4-5 is a Latin word. My 3-4-5-6 is a conjunction. My 4-5-6 is a French verb. My 5-6 is a common abbreviation. My 6-7-8 is a metal. My 6-7-8-9 is a prong. My 7-8 is a preposition. My 8-9 is a French word.

M. C. D.

CHARADE.

My first were monks of high degree;
Of my second's depth take heed;
My whole was the home of one who wrote
Of many a knightly deed.

M. C. D.

DIAMOND.

1. A ROMAN numeral. 2. A meadow. 3. Inclines. 4. The name of a young Greek who was drowned while swimming across the Hellespont. 5. The surname of a British officer in the Revolutionary war, who was hung as a spy. 6. The province of an archbishop. 7. A consonant.

L. M. F.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS.

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ACROSS: 1. A sleeping vision. 2. The wife of Menelaus, king of Sparta. 3. To pronounce. 4. The Christian name of a renowned czar of Russia. 5. A wanderer.

DIAGONALS: Left to right, downward, to hinder. Right to left, downward, an instrument for measuring.

G. F.

FOUR EASY WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. A MEASURE of time. 2. An imaginary monster. 3. To COOK. 4. To stagger. II. 1. A substance used for cleansing. 2. One time. 3. The highest point. 4. The cry of a young chicken. III. 1. Above. 2. A climbing plant. 3. Terminations. 4. Repose. IV. 1. A small insect. 2. A number. 3. A girl's name, meaning "grace." 4. A span of horses.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER.

PICTORIAL PUZZLE. 1. Bears on sale: reasonable. 2. B. Hunter; burthen. 3. Nut and leg: untangled.
HALF-SQUARE. 1. Revoked. 2. Elided. 3. Vixen. 4. Odes. 5. Ken. 6. Ed. 7. D.
DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Presidential inauguration.
NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Beware the Ides of March!
THREE NUMERICAL DIAMONDS. I. 1. C. 2. Cab. 3. CaBin. 4. Bin. 5. N. II. 1. M. 2. MAN. 3. MaNor. 4. NÖR. 5. R. III. 1. C. 2. CAR. 3. CaRat. 4. RAL. 5. T.
MARTIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals: Marathon. Finals: Waterloo. Cross-words: 1. Moscow. 2. Attila. 3. Rupert. 4. AristotE. 5. Trafalgar. 6. Hannibal. 7. OthO. 8. NerO.

The names of solvers are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear.

SOLUTIONS TO JANUARY PUZZLES were received, too late for acknowledgment in the March number, from Beatrice and Danforth, Montpelier, France, 7.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received before February 20, from Eddie A. Shipman, 2—Frank Heath, 8—Helen M. Drennan, 1—Walter K. Smith, 1—Clara Mackinney, 5—Mamie H. Wilson, 1—“Jessie,” 6—Edward Brozawski, 1—Herbert B. Brush, 1—J. Milton Gitterman, 2—Bessie and her cousin, 9—Lizzie H. de St. Vrain, all—Henry and Hedus, all—Polly and Molly, 2—Daisy Huntington, 1—Lizzie Fowler, 8—Mary Stevenson and Rose Hiller, 1—“Faerie Queen,” 3—Charlie F. Potter, 9—“Jack Knife,” 1—James Ireddell, 4—Mary D. and Sallie D. Rogers, 6—Archie and Hugh Burns, 6—Frank P. Nugent, 2—Ethel Gillis, 1—Reila, 1—S. C. Thompson, 1—The Stowe Family, all—Lizzie D. Fyfer, 1—Frances C. Mixer, 9—R. O. Chester, 2—Chas. H. Young, 4—“Glen City,” all—L. M. Rheene, Jr., 2—R. Landale, 5—Fannie E. Kachline, 7—Darragh de Lancy, 2—Mary Carlton, 2—C. M. D., 8—Fred. C. McDonald, all—Dyde and Archie Warden, 9—“Subscriber,” 3—Bessie Taylor, 6—H. and F. Kerr, 4—“Al Phabet,” 6—James Shriver, 4—Constance G., 5—J. H. Spencer, 1—Frankie Daniell, 4—Augusta M. Davies, 3—H. S. Ayer, 4—Alice M. Hine, 3—Graham H. Powell, 1—Bessie C. Barney, 6—“Ulysses,” 3—A. C. P., 1—Bessie S. Hosmer, 7—“Belle and Bertie,” 7—W. T. Floyd, 7—“Georgia and Lee,” 9—M. W. P., 2—Estelle Weiler, 2—Maggie Claywell, 9—Mary L. Riker, 3—May W. Evans, all—Geo. H. Brown, 4—“Donizetti,” all—Ellen Louisa Bryan, 5—W. E. Pennington, 4—Three young Woodwards, 6—Powell Evans, 1—Fannie Knobloch, 4—Pansy and Myrtle, all—Sarah L. Payson, all—Tom, Dick, and Harry, 5—Chas. F. and Lewis A. Lipman, 5—E. Hitz, 4—“Witch and Wizard,” 8—Allie, Clem, Florence, and John, 3—Bernard C. Weld, 9—Bertie Manier, 7—J. S. H., 9—“Alice and Bertie,” 4—“Queen Bess,” 7—Sallie Chase, 3—Anna G. Baker, 5—Charlie W. Power, 9—Alice B. Abbot, 7—Ruth Camp, 2—Perry, 2—“The McKeevers,” 6—M. H. R., all—A friend of M. H. R., 1—Robert A. Gally, all—Allie and Linnie, 9—Clara Willenbücher, 6—C. S. and M. F. S., 6—Susie Goff, 7—Willie F. Woolard, 2—X. Y. Z., 6—“Chuck,” all—Lide W. and Will G. McKinney, 8—Isabella C. Tomes, 4—S. Phelps, 2—Kittie Hanaford, 2—C. H. M. B., 6—“Dandelion and Clover,” 4—Richard H. Weld, Jr., 9—“Helen's Babies,” 6—A. N. G., 6—J. A. Scott, 4—Kenneth B. Emerson, 4—“Frenchy,” 5—Ellwood Lindsay, 5—Alice Maud Kite, 7—Hattie E. Rockwell, all—Em and Mae Gordon, 2—Lulu G. Crabbe, 3—John Balch Blood, 1—Augustus and Angelina, 4—“Carol and her Sisters,” 9—Lulu M. Brown, 7—Bessie Tyng and Sue Homans, 8—Ollie McGregor, 2—Florence Leslie Kite, all—Edward Vultee, all—Ed. L. Carshaw, 2.

The numerals denote the number of puzzles solved.

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